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THE SPHERE, APRIL 26, 1947
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Vol. CLXXXIX No. 2464 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC APRIL 26 1947

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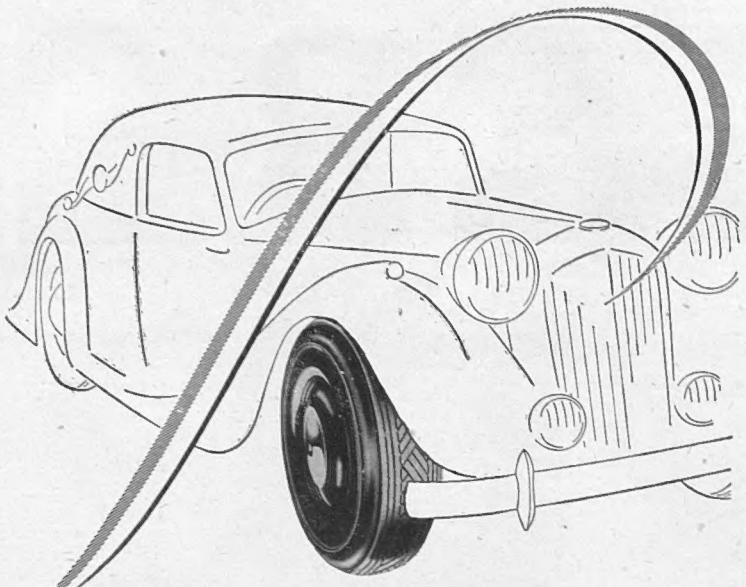

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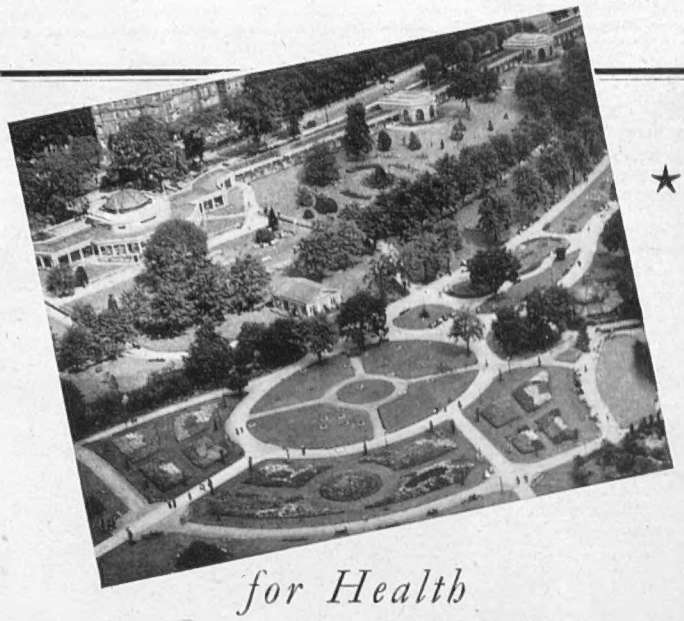

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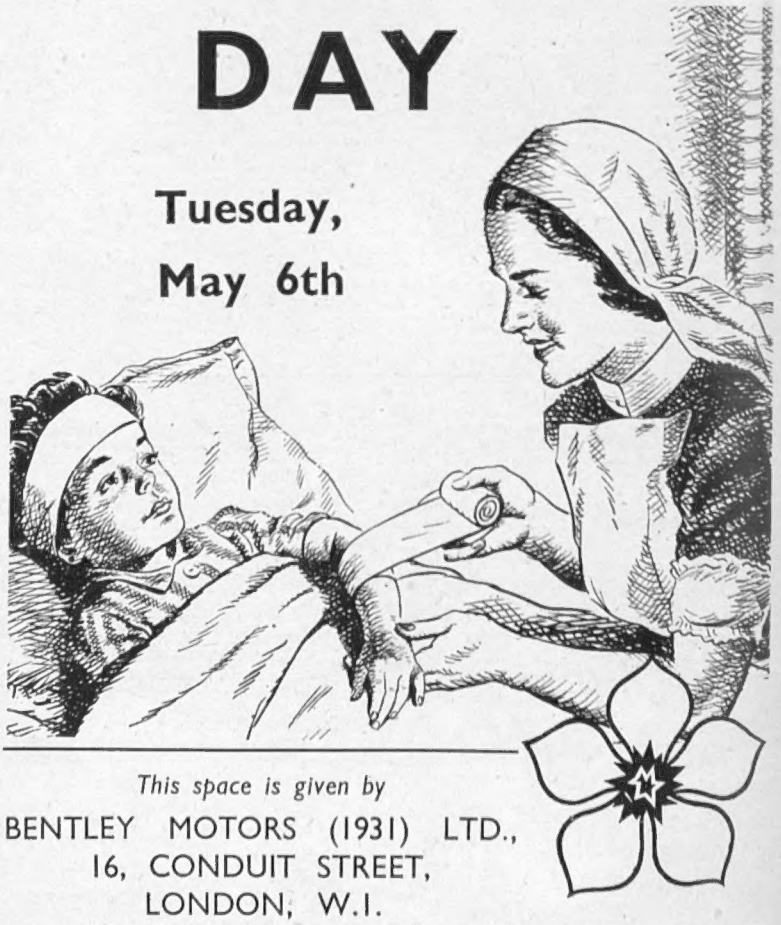

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Volume CLXXXIX No. 2464 The SPHERE, London, April 26, 1947

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

DESTROYING THE FORTIFICATIONS OF HELIGOLAND—AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE LOWER HARBOUR AREA AFTER 6,700 TONS OF EXPLOSIVES HAD BEEN DETONATED IN THE UNDERGROUND CHAMBERS AND PASSAGES: A naval officer fired the charges by remote control from the naval cable-ship "Lasso," standing nine miles out to sea

Heligoland, a German stronghold in two world wars, was at one blow completely dismantled as a fortress on Friday of last week, when 6,700 tons of explosives sent sky high the fourteen miles of ammunition tunnels, the gun emplacements and the massive U-boat pens which had previously defied the armour-piercing block-buster bombs of the R.A.F. On the higher part of the island the destruction was negligible, but in the harbour area, where this picture was taken, all is reduced to debris. In the middle distance can be seen the rubble heap created at the entrance to one of the tunnels, but still standing on the higher ground is the Red Tower, the central control point of the now defunct fortress. Last Sunday landing parties made a preliminary investigation of Heligoland, and they reported that all military installations had been accounted for. Pictures of the actual explosion appear on page 99 of this issue, and details of the preparations for the demolition are given on pages 106 and 107

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

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Texas and Heligoland.—

The Texas disaster is no doubt one of the major catastrophes of peace-time. It caused devastation on a Nagasaki scale to a vital oil port. Its origin was a chance fire in a ship loading ammonium nitrate. As *The Times* pointed out, it might have happened at London or Glasgow docks in the unloading process. It is a cargo fraught with frightful risks against which presumably no precautions can be absolute. Three or four hundred dead, many thousands injured, a great port and city wrecked and £20,000,000 of damage done—by one chance spark. There was no *chance* about Heligoland: 6,700 tons of explosives had been carefully packed months before D-Day in the pens and catacombs of the island fortress. These were electrically exploded by a Royal Naval vessel nine miles out. But, first, a small explosion was caused to warn the island birds to clear out. Nothing was here left to chance. It is as yet as difficult to assess the completeness of the destruction as it is to assess the damage to human life and property caused by the German fortification of the rocky island, once so lightly parted with. Now it will once more be handed back to the birds in altered form, and, one hopes, it may soon satisfy the requirements of their Ministry of Health.

Princess Elizabeth.—

Princess Elizabeth kept her twenty-first birthday in South Africa with appropriate celebrations and public duties. The Royal Family's strenuous tour is drawing to a close, and they will soon be landing once again in England, where a great welcome awaits them. The tour has obviously been a great success, an even more notable triumph for the personal qualities of the King, the Queen and the Princesses than was anticipated. That it entailed a great physical strain on all concerned was inevitable; that it made a deep impression in every part of the Dominion is clear; and everywhere that impression was favourable and made for good will. For Princess Elizabeth it must have provided a fine finishing course in a liberal education at a very appropriate time.

Dr. Dalton's Medicine.—

What makes a Budget clever or otherwise, I never yet discovered. I presume a dozen or more pundits thrash out each year's Budget. The Budget *speech* seems always to me the test of a Chancellor's clear-headedness and grit. Mr. Dalton came through that test with flying colours. In one particular Mr. Dalton is incorrigible: he simply cannot deny himself any chance of grinding his party axe and boosting Socialism; no, not even on the occasion of a Budget which stands or falls by the loyal co-operation of all classes and parties. Mr. Dalton must blow up the trumpet of Socialism in the full moon, the new moon, the half moon, the blue moon. Everything that is good is Socialism, everything evil is Tory or capitalistic. Certainly, times have changed since I began to take note of Budgets and to smoke pipes. In those bad old days, income tax was 9d. and an ounce of tobacco 7½d. I agree that it will do us no harm to smoke less. But I agree with Government critics that until the Government gives a lead and announces a plan for grand-scale retrenchment of public squandermania, the Ministry is more likely to redouble the profits of bookmakers and pool betting and dog-racing Molochs than to encourage thrift and industry, or inculcate the first principles of simple economics. There is too much *après moi le déluge* about the present Budget. To exterminate the rich and to keep taxation at the present crippling and stultifying level is no insurance against the stringent times ahead. Nothing but root-and-branch economy at the top and hard work at the bottom can save us from shipwreck.

Net Income.—

Statistics which concern people's net incomes are always interesting and sometimes illuminating. The latest White Paper reveals the effect on salaries of ever heavier taxation since 1938. The group which in 1938 enjoyed a net income of £6,000 per annum or more has fallen from 7,000 to 45! On the other hand, whereas in 1938 6,000,000 people enjoyed a net income between £150 and £500 per annum, by 1946 the number had risen to 13,000,000. The only more or less constant figure is the £1,000-£2,000 group, which shows comparatively little drop. From which one may deduce that the Chancellor's policy is to peg the summit of ambition in the spending line at £2,000 a year. A man, not saddled and handicapped by "ancient riches" (white-elephant houses and so forth), may be passing rich on £2,000 a year, with the present available range of "goods and services" at his command. Indeed, he can save on it. It took 32 per cent. of private income in 1946 to satisfy Mr. Dalton's tax demands as against 22 per cent. in 1938. An increase smaller than I supposed.

KING FREDERICK IX OF DENMARK AND HIS CONSORT, QUEEN INGRID: King Frederick succeeds his father, the late King Christian X, and the succession has been proclaimed from the Danish Parliament. Queen Ingrid is the only daughter of the Crown Prince of Sweden and she is a grand-daughter of the late Duke of Connaught. They have three daughters, all of them born during the war years. As King Frederick has no son, his younger brother, Prince Knud, becomes the heir-presumptive to the Danish throne

Henry Wallace.—

Henry Wallace has sacrificed popularity by his outspoken criticisms in this country of American foreign policy. He claimed to be the closest friend of Roosevelt and the heir and co-partner in Roosevelt's new deal for America and for the world. I listened to his speeches and read his writings and judged him a man of sincere and honest convictions. He spoke with a rugged honesty, if much of what he proposed seemed more idealistic than presently practical. If a prophet has no honour in his own country, much less can he hope for it, if he be violently critical of his own race, on foreign soil. I am suspicious of two things (among many modern manifestations) — of the foreigner who flatters us on our own soil and of the American politician voicing any sort of political opinion. I always suspect that the foreigner who flatters us is too sure of our native simplicity, and the politician too keenly aware of "another presidential election" in the offing. But I raise my hat an inch or two to Mr. Wallace. To an extent, he has got away with it—with me. He did not flatter us particularly and I could see no underlying attention to American party strategy in his discourses. Indeed, his tour abroad seemed remarkably altruistic.

Presentation of Awards.—

The P.R.O. of the War Office has in a clear statement of H.M.'s intentions set at rest complaints recently raised as to the distribution by post of awards for gallantry. Since 1939 the King has personally conferred nearly 50,000 such awards. There are still outstanding 50,000 more. The King, the Fountain of Honour, is as busy as are most very busy Ministers, and this job is one of the last which he would wish to delegate to others. But it simply can't be done. This truth can be worked out mathematically by discovering the time taken in preparation, organisation and ceremonial in the personal presentation of awards to 500 recipients. Multiply that time by 100 and . . . the Fountain of Honour must abandon all other of his functions or never go to bed. It may be argued that there are too many awards, too many orders and decorations. That is another matter. There is indeed a certain anomaly in the present situation. A plethora of war and campaign ribbons, of orders and decorations, jealously competed for and greatly valued—and for nine out of ten who earned them so meritoriously, *not one single occasion in any year*—unless a Legion Rally or an old school dinner—on which to display them! To my mind, that is the glaring absurdity of medals and ribbons to-day. What is a ribbon for, unless for display? If it is never to be proudly displayed, why not substitute a printed certificate and keep the silk and the metal for export? Medal ribbons should by H.M.'s command be worn universally on coats of ceremony or at least on a dozen special occasions every year. The present position renders the whole business a rather heartless, pointless and cynical affair.

One-Horse Burgh Again.

—I wish to correct or elaborate an argument I wrote down the other day about the squalor and shabbiness of London to-day. I argued that London is our main shop-window in our all-out drive to become again a nation of successful shopkeepers, and that those in authority have a duty to our manufacturers and exporters to dress it up a little. We can't help the bomb damage. We can't find the labour and materials to rebuild London in a night and to beautify her, even if London were entitled to priority over provincial cities and other claimants—except as Shop-window No. 1. But to

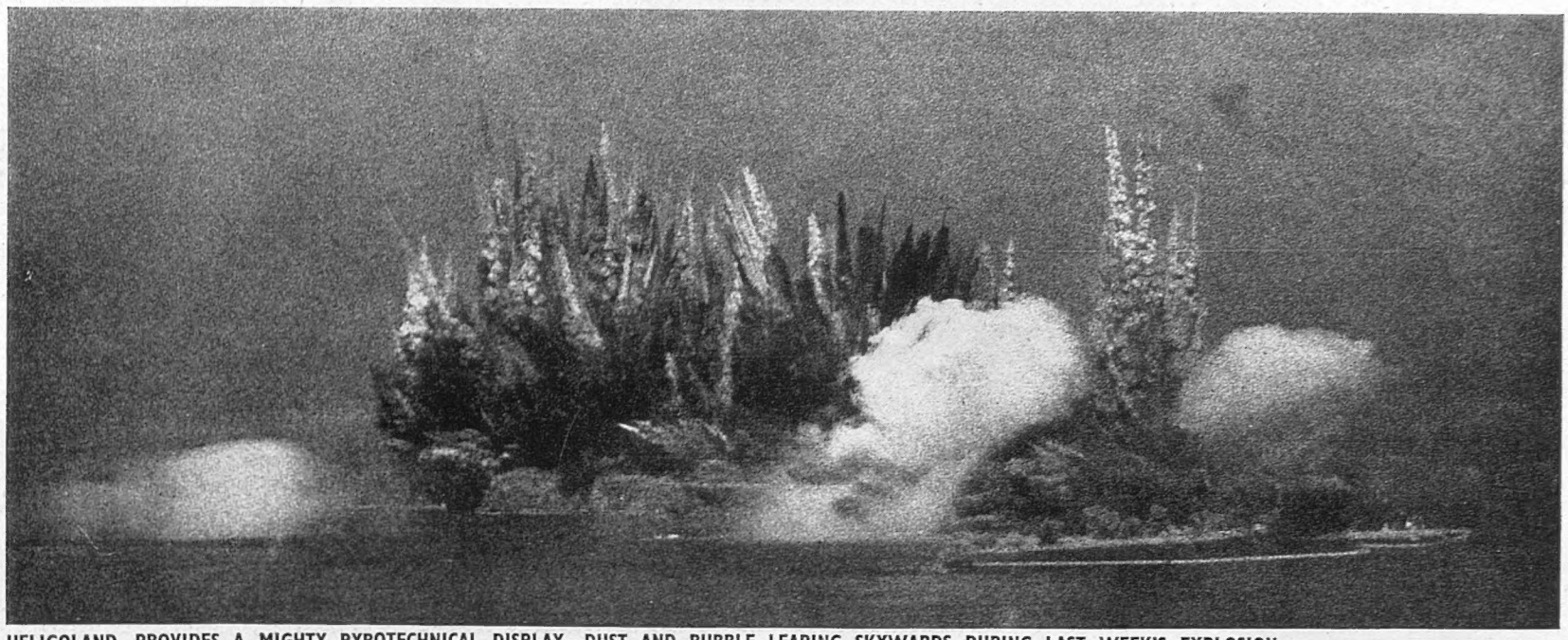
THE DEATH OF KING CHRISTIAN X OF DENMARK: The King, who had been suffering from the effects of a heart attack on Easter Sunday and who subsequently contracted a lung inflammation, died last Sunday at the Royal Palace of Amalienborg. King Christian, who succeeded his father, Frederick VIII, in 1912, was a brother of King Haakon of Norway. During the German occupation of Denmark in the Second World War the King virtually became a prisoner in his own capital, and he provided a rallying point for Danish patriotism. Despite a riding accident in 1942, from the effects of which he never really recovered, the King declared his determination to live to see his country liberated from the invader

London first come the foreigners, the would-be buyers, the tourists and the students of England's present state; and it does seem sense to me that we should grant London a few priorities and spend a little time and money in making less sordid and grim and forlorn those centres in which foreigners forgather. It seems short-sighted policy that the clubs which foreign ambassadors frequent as honorary members should have their windows still blacked out with cardboard and be lit with hurricane lamps; that the purlieus of Westminster and St. James should remain dingy ruins, with mud-flats for gardens, broken streets, puddled pavements and universal grime. It suggests a nation in the doldrums, a nation admitting defeat, a nation that can do no more than show its wounds and exhibit its sores. That is *not* the impression we are wise to reveal if we desire to inspire confidence and create markets.

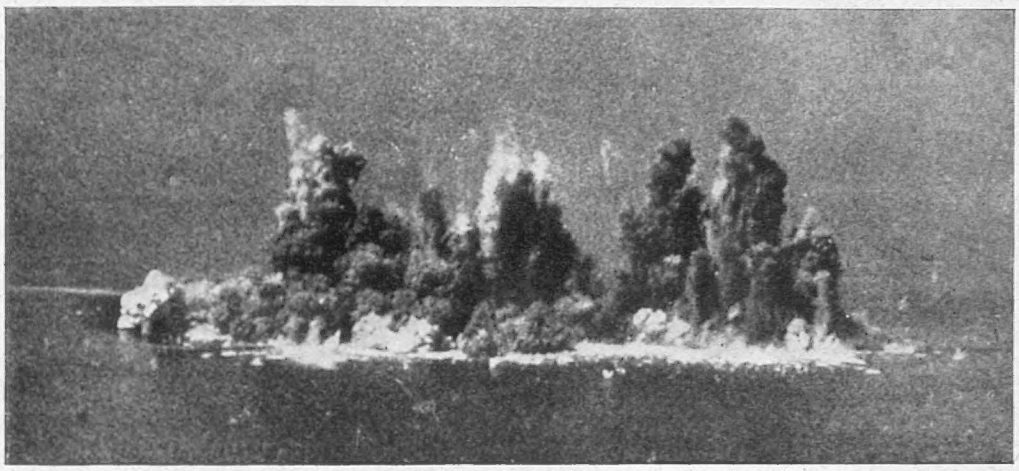
Private Gardeners and P.A.Y.E.—

The ventilation in the Press of the scandalous waste of time, man-power and stationery, and the muddle of income-tax offices all over the country, as regards the quite trivial case of the tax-free private gardener, afforded a test case of the Government's *sincerity*. Ministers have constantly declared their great desire to sweep away needless inquisitions and forms and to cut down grievous burdens on employers. Long before Budget Day Mr. Dalton had, if he cared to note it, abundant evidence of one small instance of utterly inexcusable muddle, waste and bureaucratic tyranny imposed on the one-man employer, and I confess I waited with keen anxiety to see whether the Chancellor would stoop to such small game among the great matters of his Budget and prove that Ministerial determination to simplify and relieve our burden of forms was not entirely *bogus*. The Budget speech has come and gone now, and we who heard it may take what comfort we may from it as regards this tiny item, for so long a festering sore, which under ideal Government would have been cleaned up two years ago.

THE OLD STAGER



HELIGOLAND PROVIDES A MIGHTY PYROTECHNICAL DISPLAY—DUST AND RUBBLE LEAPING SKYWARDS DURING LAST WEEK'S EXPLOSION, WHICH RESULTED IN THE DEMOLITION OF ALL REMAINING MILITARY INSTALLATIONS IN THE ONCE-POWERFUL NAZI FORTRESS: U-boat pens, coastal battery emplacements, and fourteen miles of ammunition tunnels went up in one great combined explosion

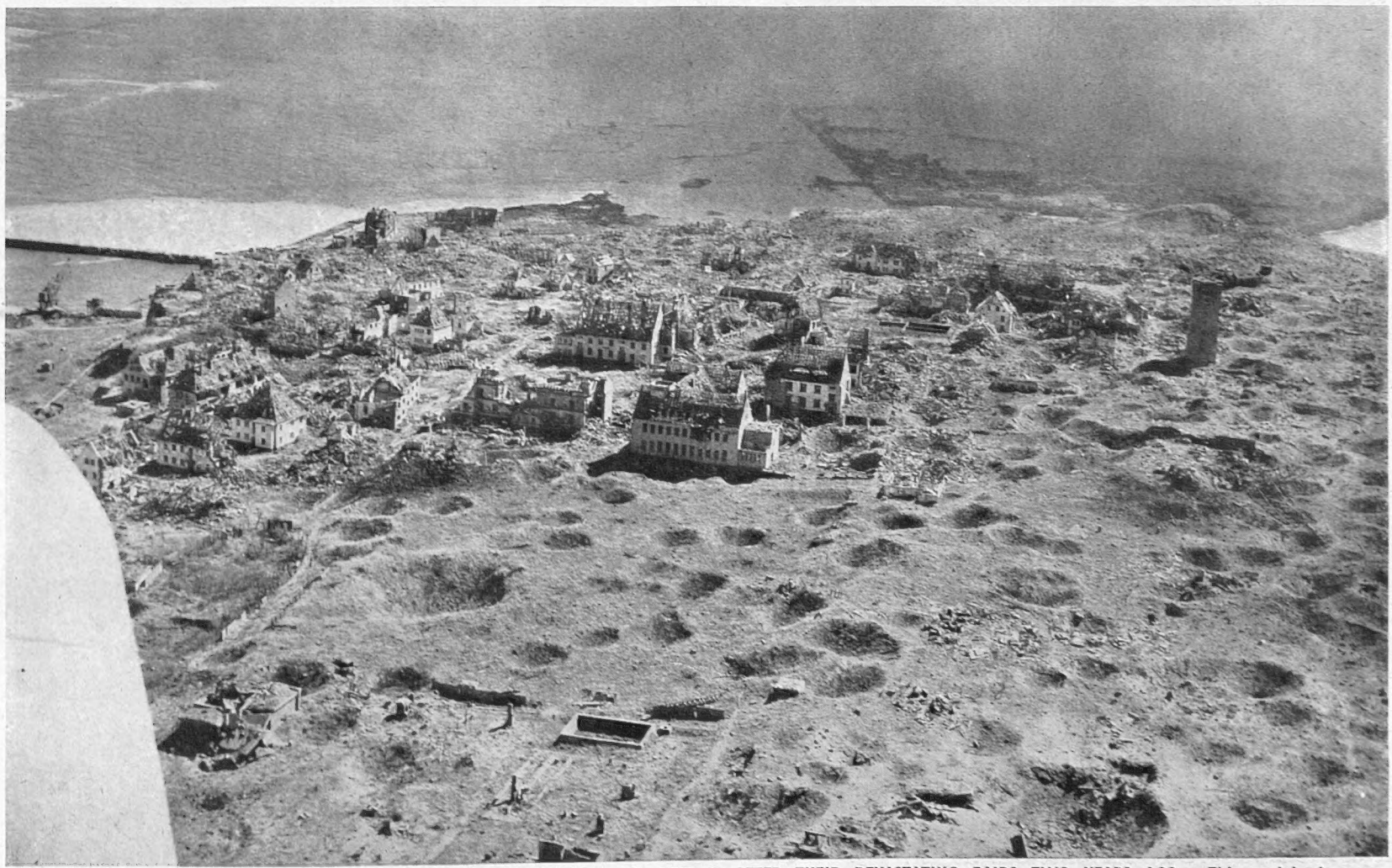


THE ONCE-POWERFUL FORTRESS SURMOUNTED BY A MIGHTY CLOUD OF SMOKE AND RUBBLE: Another distant view of Heligoland taken a few seconds after the charges had been detonated from the Admiralty cable-ship "Lasso" standing nine miles out to sea. If the remote-control system had failed to operate, a time-firing clock, placed on Heligoland, would have completed the work

HELIGOLAND GOES SKY HIGH

What Happened when 6,700 tons of Explosives were Detonated on the Island

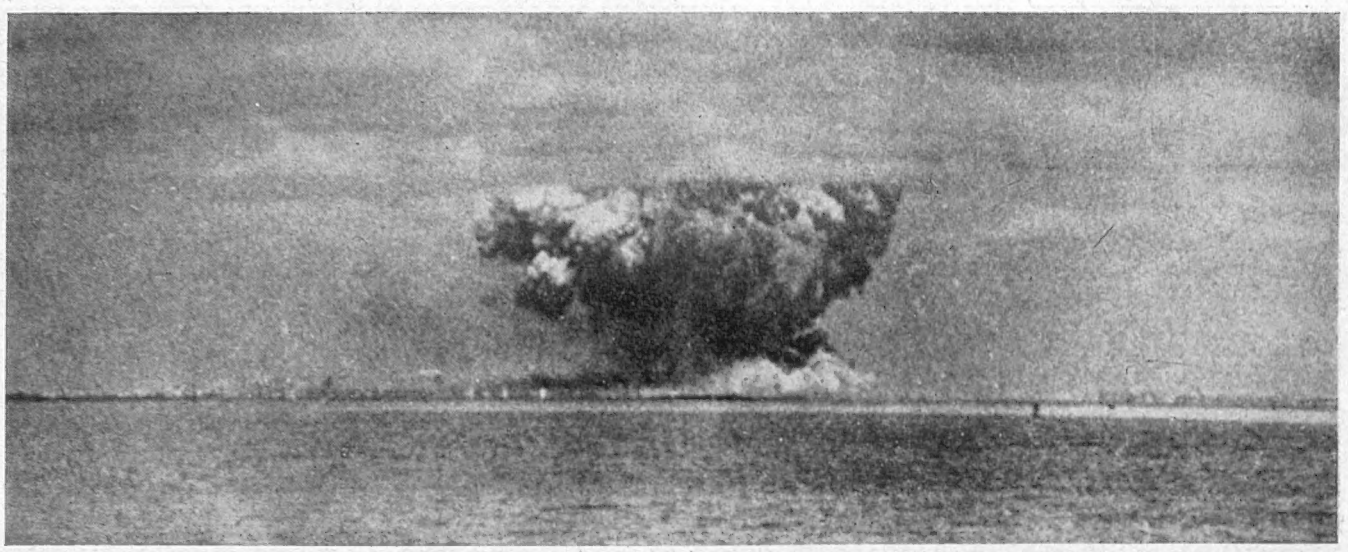
It would be a rash prophet indeed who declared, "This is the end of Heligoland. No longer will the German fortress of two world wars menace European civilisation." But at 1.4 p.m. on April 18, sufficient was done by the Royal Naval demolition party to ensure that Heligoland has no traces of the great battery emplacements and other installations which made it such a powerful fortress under the Nazi regime. Heligoland has now been dismantled twice, and this island, which stood as a thorn in the side of Imperial Germany before Britain traded it for rights on the East African coast and on which two generations of Germans later lavished vast sums, is now scheduled to become a holiday resort. The naval party which went ashore on Heligoland last Sunday reported such an immensity of damage that it is questionable if even the industrious Germans can in measurable time create order out of the vast heaps of rubble which now lie about the lower harbour area. As for the higher ground, pitted with bomb-craters as a result of the R.A.F. raids in 1945, it remains substantially the same, the epitome of what aerial bombardment can achieve even without nuclear fission.



THE UPPER PART OF THE ISLAND REMAINED MORE OR LESS AS THE R.A.F. LEFT IT AFTER THEIR DEVASTATING RAIDS TWO YEARS AGO: This aerial view was taken after the demolitions on April 18 and should be compared with the picture on page 106 of this issue. It will be seen that this upper part of Heligoland, with its countless bomb-craters, was largely unaffected by last week's destruction. Many were surprised to see the central red-brick tower still standing

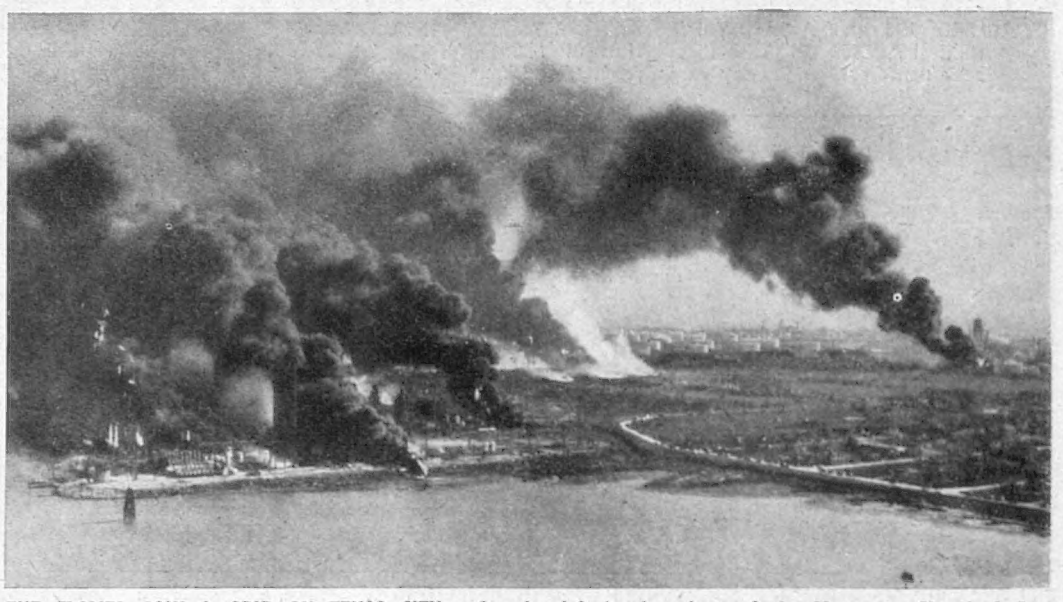
THE TEXAS CITY DISASTER

A Ship Blows Up in the Harbour and a Great Area of the Port is Devastated



LIKE A BIKINI CLOUD—SMOKE MUSHROOMING SKYWARD FROM DEVASTATED TEXAS CITY, WHICH HAS BEEN INVOLVED IN ONE OF THE MOST DISASTROUS EXPLOSIONS IN AMERICAN HISTORY: The trouble started with an explosion on board the French ship "Grandcamp," which was taking on a cargo of ammonium nitrate. The explosion spread at once to a chemical plant ashore

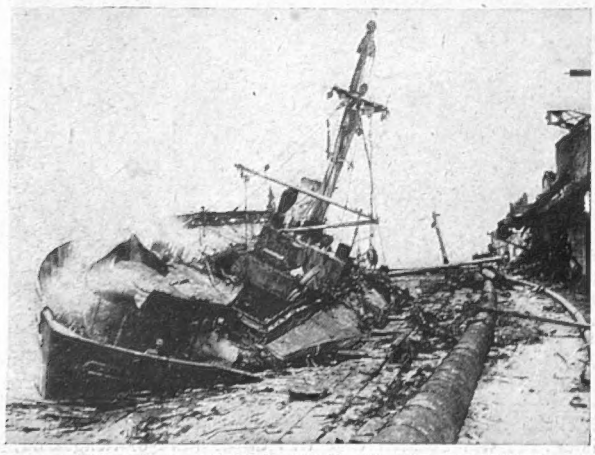
Not since the Halifax disaster of 1917, when the Nova Scotian city was devastated by the explosion of an ammunition ship, has there been an explosion on the North American Continent comparable with that which shook Texas City last week. Texas City, with a population of 15,000, lies 12 miles across the bay from Galveston, Texas, and is an important centre of chemical production. To-day at least 400 of its citizens are dead, 3,000 are injured and a large proportion are homeless. In the harbour area a few fires still burn. The trouble started when the S.S. *Grandcamp*, loading ammonium nitrate, exploded in the harbour. At once the neighbouring Monsanto chemical plant was involved, and thereafter, for twenty-four hours, a series of devastating explosions shook the city. A former war correspondent who flew three times over the burning city on the second day said that in four years of reporting the war he had seen no such concentrated devastation, such utter destruction, except at Nagasaki. It was worse, he said, even than the damage done at Bari in the autumn of 1943, when seventeen vessels, including three ammunition ships, were set on fire by German bombers and hundreds of U.S. soldiers perished



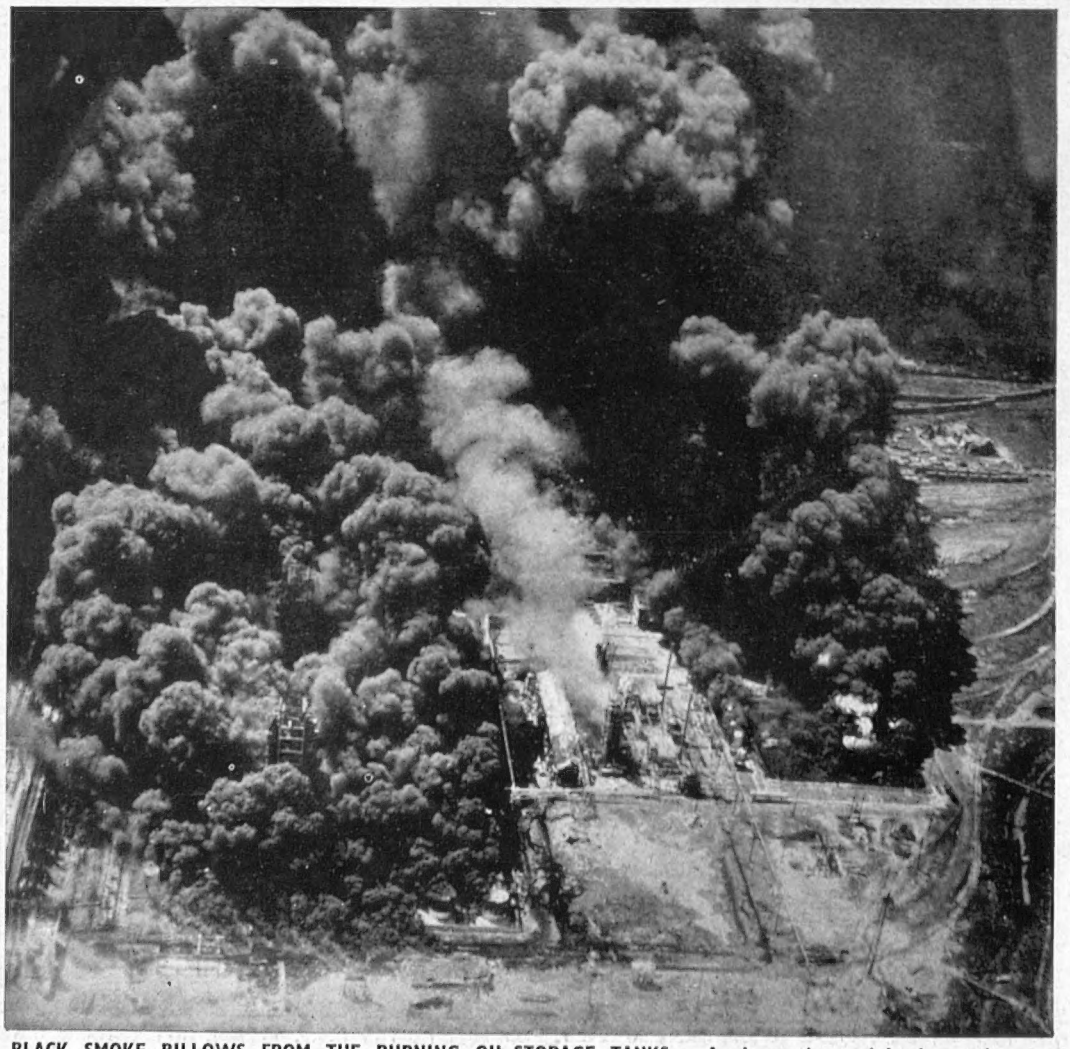
THE FLAMES GAIN A GRIP ON TEXAS CITY: On the left is the plant of the Monsanto Chemical Corporation, which caught fire as a result of the explosion of the nitrate ship "Grandcamp." The flames soon spread to the residential areas, bringing a death roll of over 400 and injuring at least 3,000. On the following day more explosions in the harbour led to the firing of fuel oil tanks

THESE CARS ARE A TOTAL LOSS: They belonged to employees of the Monsanto Chemical Corporation, and, such was the terrific heat engendered by the explosions, some of them were actually fused tightly together

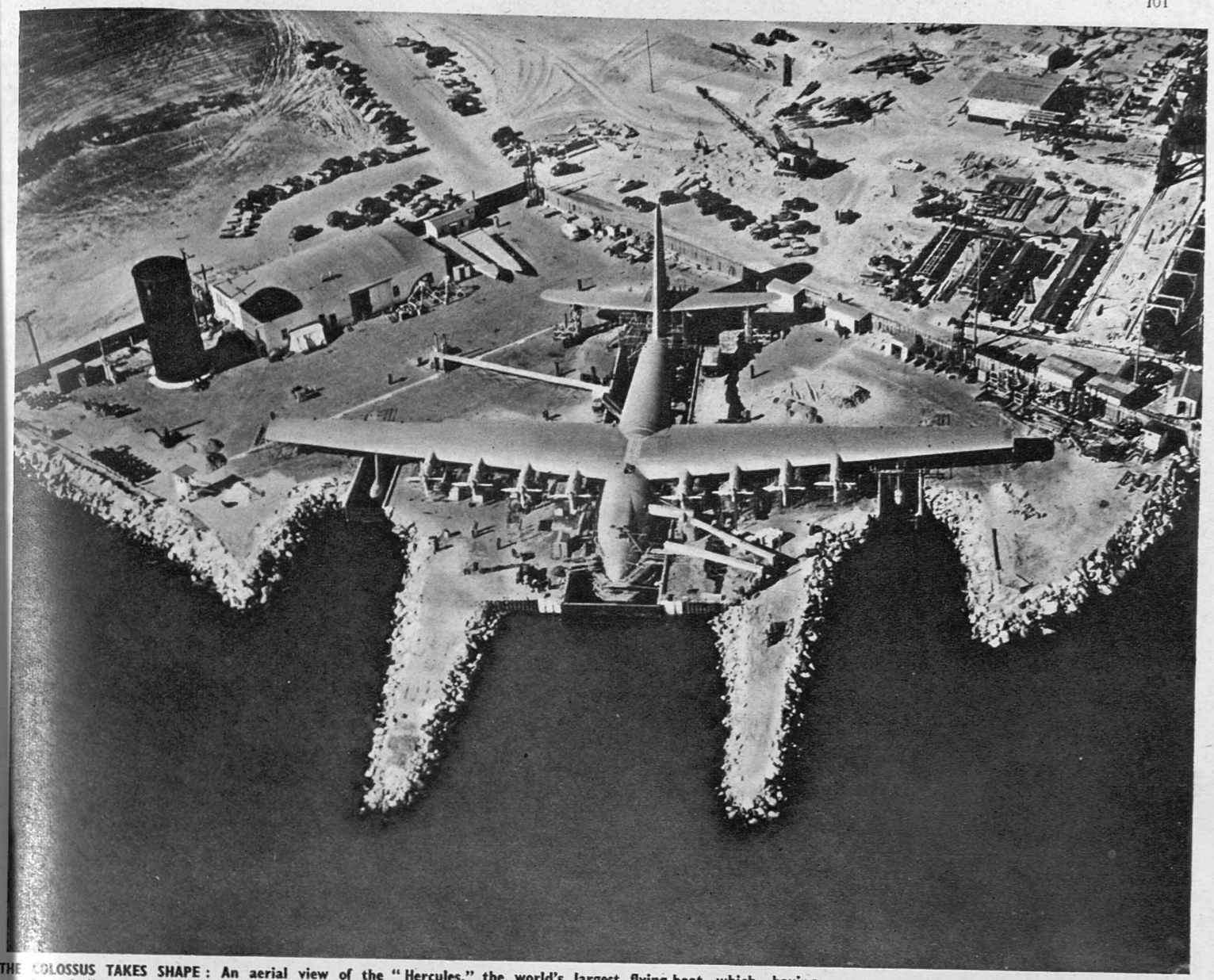
THE MONSANTO CHEMICAL PLANT COMPLETELY DESTROYED: An aerial view of the gutted factory which was set on fire as a result of initial explosions in s.s. "Grandcamp"



THE "WILSON B. KEENE" SINKS AT HER MOORINGS: A steamer destroyed by the force of the initial explosion



BLACK SMOKE BILLOWS FROM THE BURNING OIL-STORAGE TANKS: A dramatic aerial view taken as new fires gained a grip upon stricken Texas City. Rescue workers were rushed south by land, sea and air. They were provided with gas masks to enable them to work amid the noxious fumes



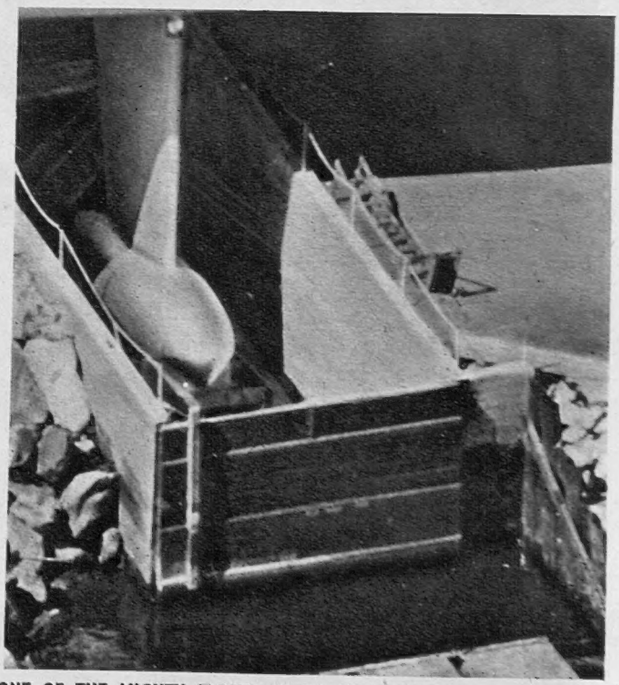
THE COLOSSUS TAKES SHAPE: An aerial view of the "Hercules," the world's largest flying-boat, which, having been built by the Hughes Aircraft Company at Culver City, is now being assembled in a giant graving-dock at Long Beach, California. Already the clipper has cost about £5,000,000, and the bill will probably run far in excess of that figure by the time it completes its trials later this year. This picture shows how the hull and floats are in separate docks, and when the "Hercules" is completed water will be flooded in to float her

"HERCULES" IS NEARLY READY

The World's Largest Flying-Boat is Assembled in a Graving-Dock at Long Beach, California

No aircraft ever constructed has received publicity on a scale comparable to that already accorded the *Hercules*, the giant clipper built by Mr. Howard Hughes, the Californian millionaire. Mr. Hughes, who achieved a blaze of publicity with his film *The Outlaw*, and who finds himself in the news with monotonous regularity and in relation to a score of activities, is building the *Hercules* under a Government contract. The original contract was for three clippers, the total cost for the three being £4,000,000, but already the *Hercules* has cost £5,000,000. The U.S. Government, noting the bill, saw fit some time ago to cancel the orders for *Hercules II* and *Hercules III*. Full details of the monster clipper are not available, but it is known that its eight Pratt and Whitney Wasp engines will provide 28,000 h.p. for the take-off. Who will be at the controls when the *Hercules* is airborne for the first time is still a secret, but everybody knows that Howard Hughes would like to have charge of the giant. The capacity of the clipper is secret, but one writer has declared that it has accommodation for 400 troops, a large tank and fifty politicians

THE AREA OF THE TAIL UNIT OF THE "HERCULES" IS THREE TIMES THE AREA OF A LIBERATOR'S WING: This picture helps to give some idea of the colossal size of the new Californian clipper



ONE OF THE MIGHTY FLOATS IN ITS SEPARATE DOCK: A close-up of the dock into which the water will be admitted when the "Hercules" is ready for her taxi-ing tests. It is thought that the tests will be completed by the end of 1947

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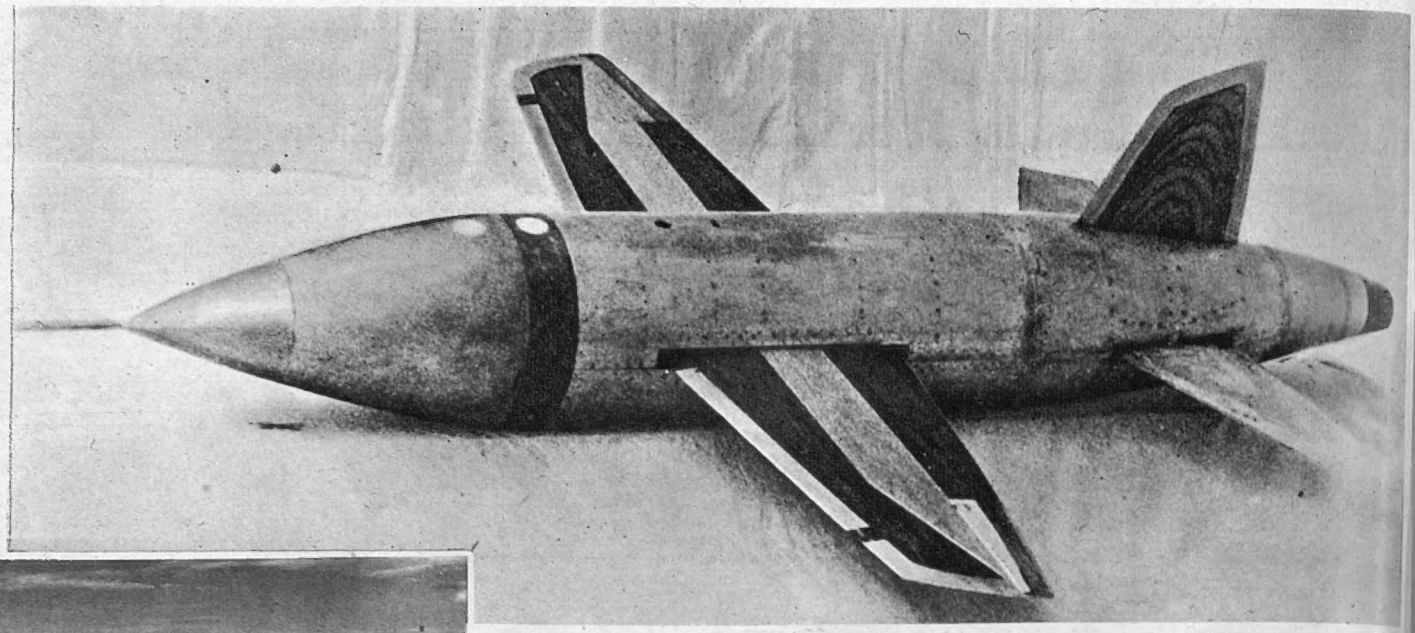
Aviation News

THE SONIC ROCKET TRIALS and BRITAIN'S FIRST GUIDED MISSILE

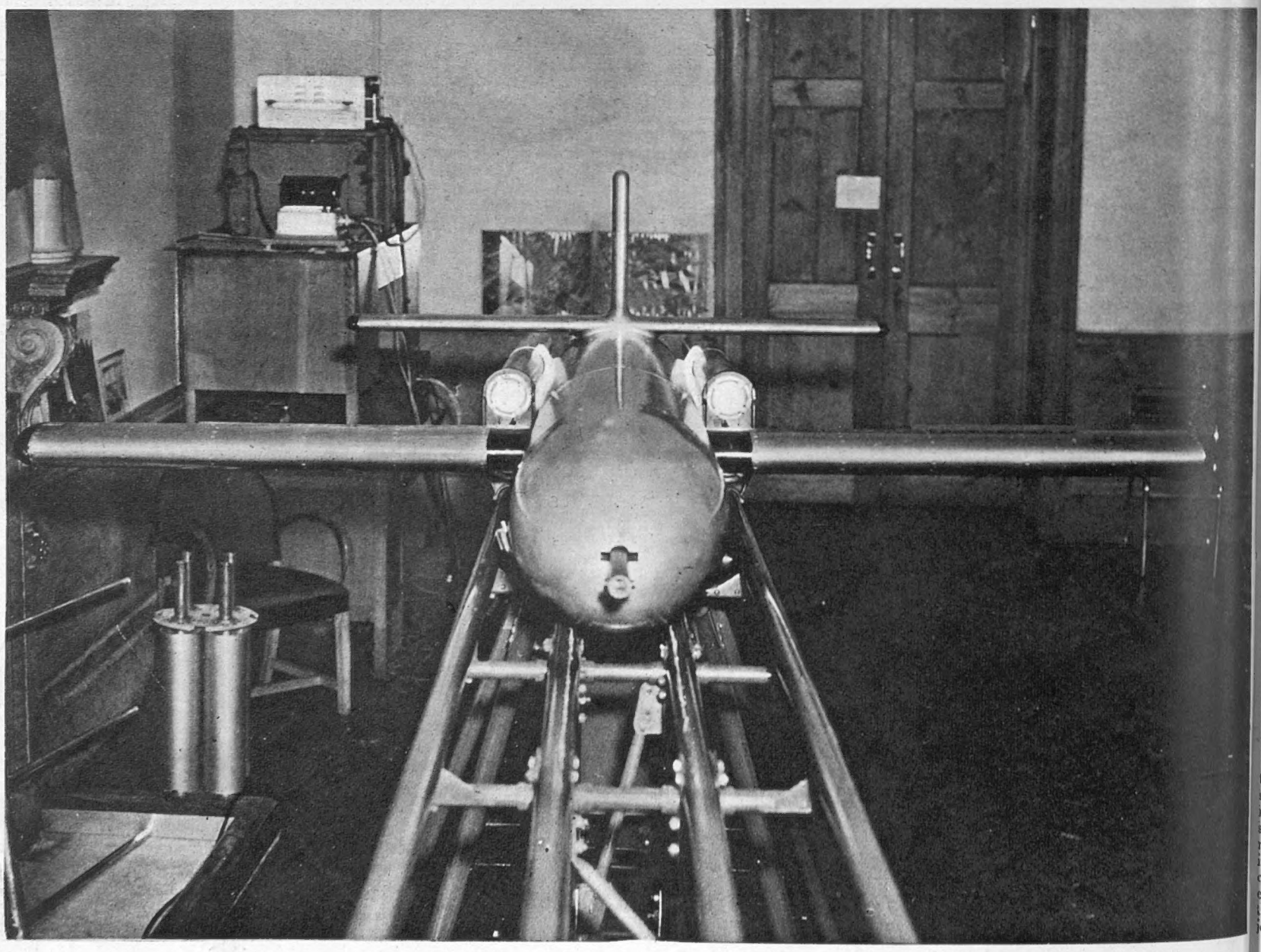


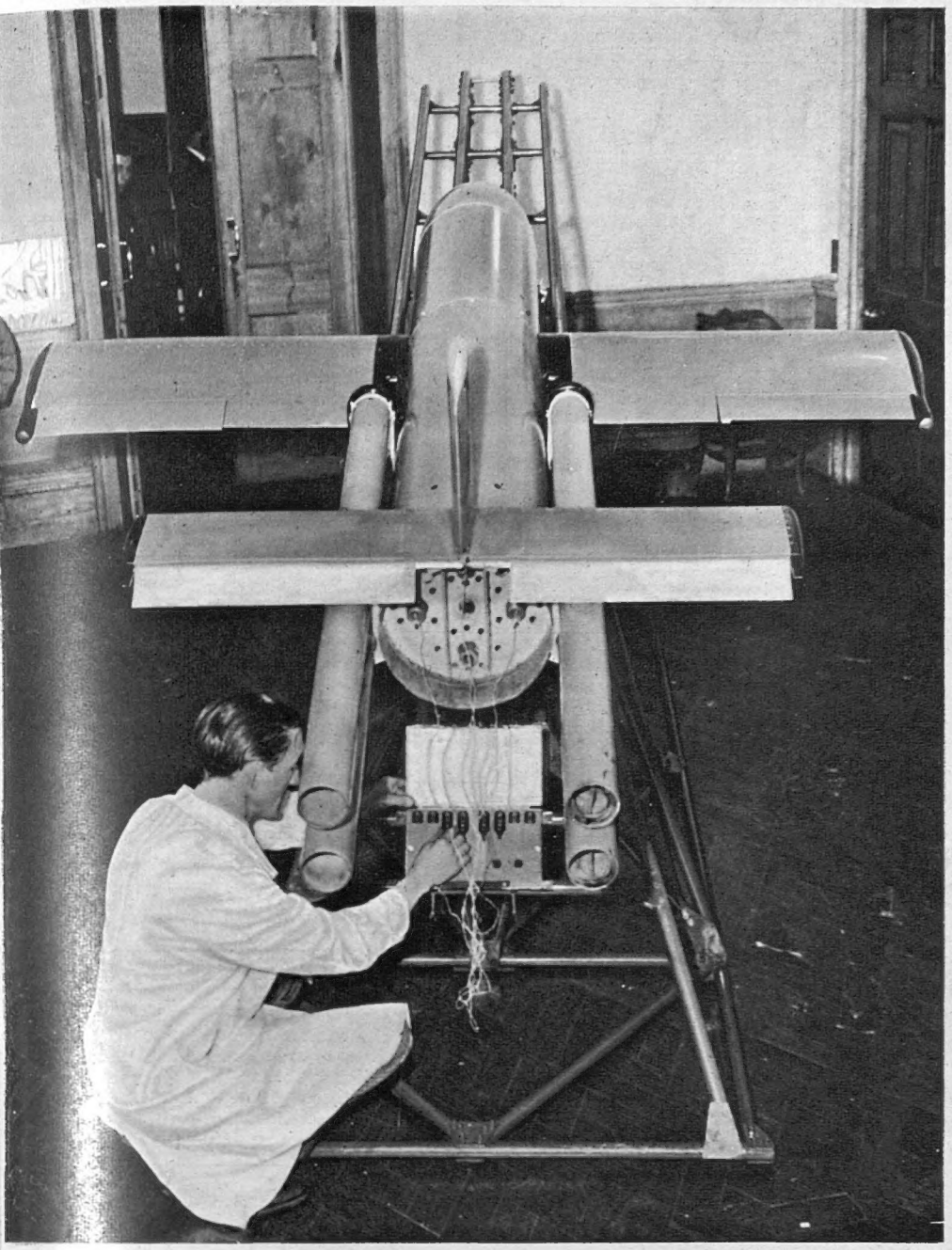
THE FORTHCOMING ATTEMPT TO FLY FASTER THAN SOUND: This is the Vickers-Armstrong rocket-propelled research aircraft which is to be taken to a height of over 30,000 ft. by a Mosquito and launched in flight over the sea. The experiments are due to start at any time now, and will take place in the vicinity of the Scilly Isles. It is hoped that the aircraft will achieve a speed of over 800 m.p.h. Its performance will be recorded by radio. The rocket is about 12 ft. long and has a wing span of 8 ft.

THE MOSQUITO XVI WILL LAUNCH THE SUPERSONIC ROCKET: The high-altitude bomber which has been chosen for the forthcoming experiments off the Cornish coast. The Mosquito will climb to over 30,000 ft. with the Vickers rocket slung beneath the fuselage

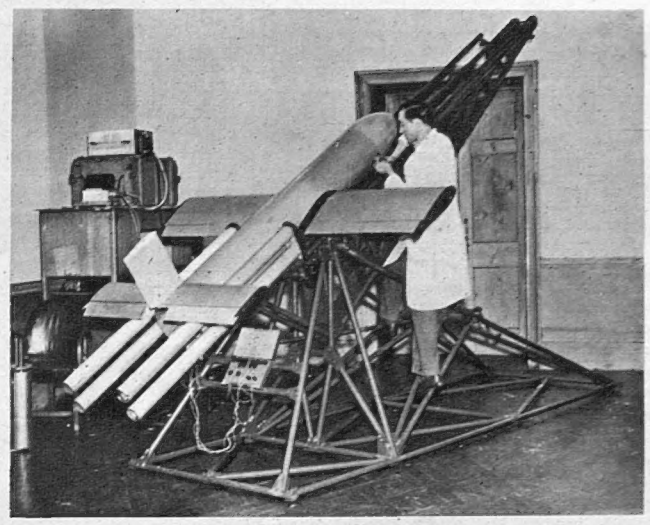
Whether Britain or the United States will be the first country to achieve supersonic flight will probably be decided this spring, for on both sides of the Atlantic experimentation, which has been gathering pace during the winter, is now well advanced. America's experiment is being made with the Skystreak, a turbo-jet-driven machine built by the Douglas Aircraft Company, while the British experiment is with the small-scale rocket-propelled model developed by Vickers-Armstrong. When this 12-ft. aircraft is released by its parent Mosquito it will dive steeply for 1,000 ft. and then level out as its own power comes into operation. It is expected to accelerate swiftly to between 800 and 900 m.p.h., and it will finally dive into the sea. During the rocket's flight details of its behaviour will be transmitted to a ground station by telemeter. Details of its speed, acceleration and of various stresses and pressures will thus be recorded. Most important will be the rocket's reactions as it reaches the speed of sound, 660 m.p.h.

Below—**"STOOGE"—BRITAIN'S FIRST PILOTLESS, RADIO-CONTROLLED ROCKET MISSILE; A HEAD-ON VIEW OF THE FAIREY GUIDED MISSILE: It was designed originally as a counter-measure to Japanese suicide bomber tactics, but the end of the war came when discussions were in the preliminary stage. The Guided Projectiles Department, Ministry of Supply, who sponsored the project, instructed Fairey Aviation to continue their research, and the result was the highly successful tests carried out recently**

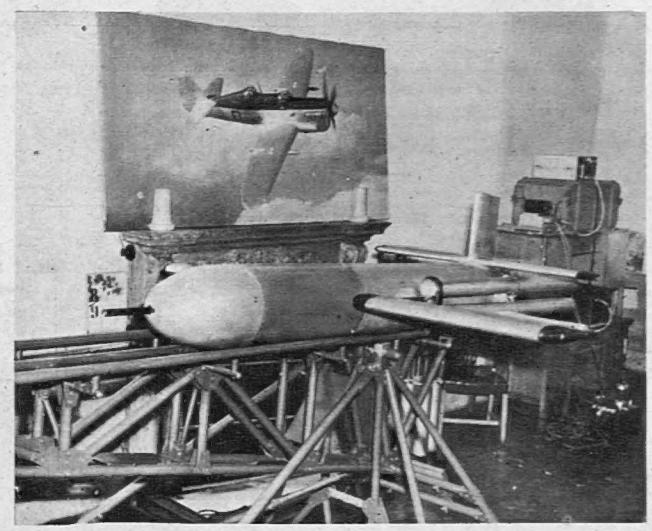




A REAR VIEW OF THE MISSILE ON THE LAUNCHING RAMP : The tailplane has a span of 4 ft. ; the mainplane of 6 ft. 10 ins. Using four 75-lb. thrust rockets, a speed in advance of 500 m.p.h. can be obtained ; with the 40-lb. thrust rocket, 350 m.p.h.



FINAL ADJUSTMENTS BY ONE OF THE FAIREY AVIATION COMPANY'S STAFF : The cylindrical fuselage is 7 ft. 5½ ins. long and 12½ ins. in diameter. The nose is streamlined ; the tail end of the fuselage is untapered and open-ended to allow egress for the rocket propulsion gases



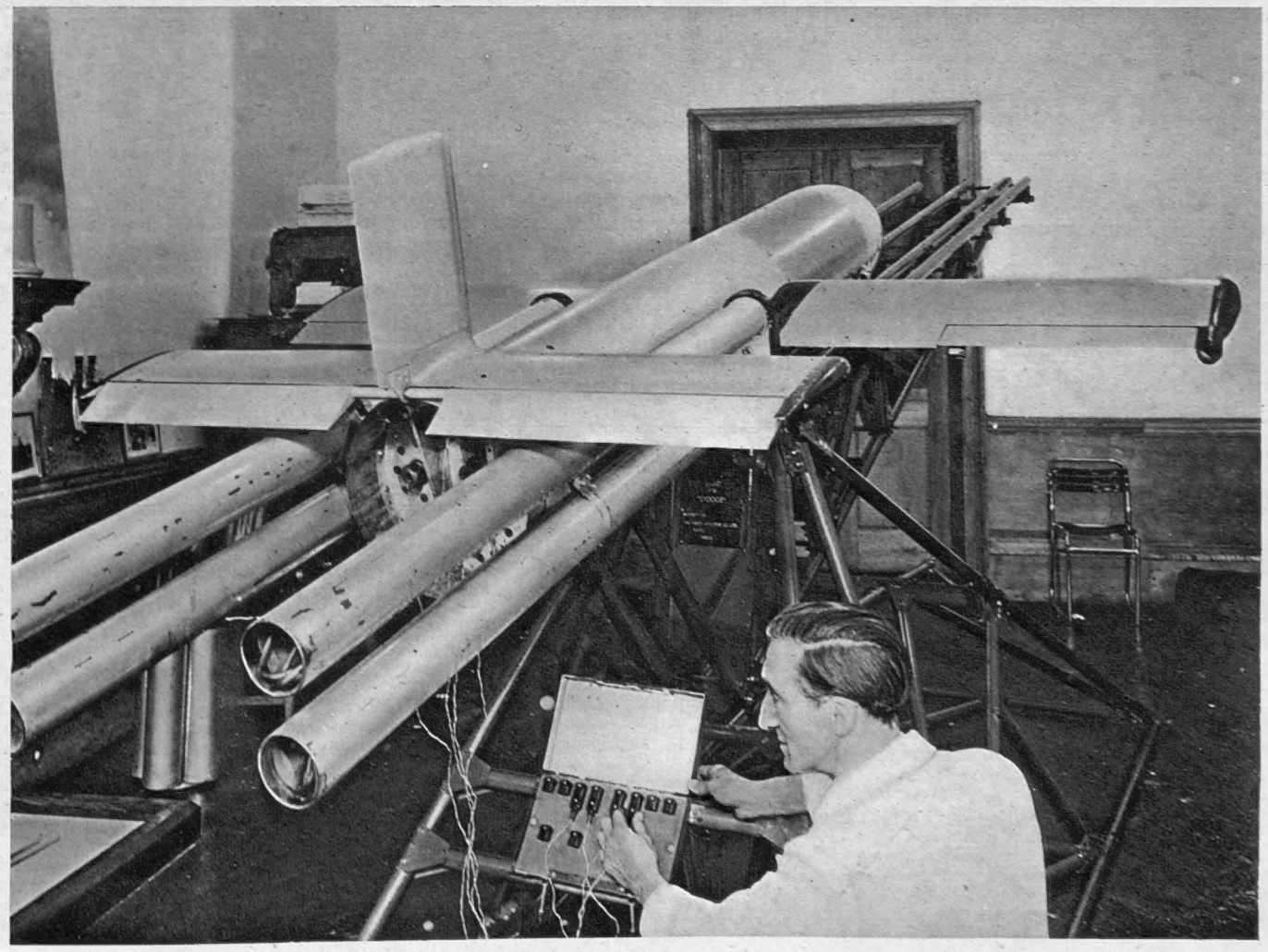
SIMPLICITY IS THE KEYNOTE OF THE DESIGN : All equipment for the controlled flight is stowed internally. Take-off is from a 10-ft. ramp of light tubular construction, which can be adjusted from 0 deg. to 45 deg. by a winding screw

Below—THE FOUR 3-in. "BOOSTER" ROCKETS WHICH ASSIST THE TAKE-OFF : The four tubes, external to the fuselage, are jettisoned after 1·6 seconds. The main propulsive power is derived from four standard 5-in. "Swallow" rockets

The first British guided missile, designed and manufactured by the Fairey Aviation Company, underwent its trials recently. The specification placed severe limits on the design, demanding simplicity for transportation, storage, manufacture and assembly. The result has been highly successful. By using sprents and quick-release pins, four men can assemble the missile in less than a minute and a half. Experiments in the wind tunnel showed that flying control could be effected entirely satisfactorily without the use of a rudder, using only the ailerons and elevators.

The main propulsive power derives from four standard 5-in. "Swallow" rockets, whose total thrust and burning time can be varied by the quantity of charge and the size of the venturi orifices. In the test, the rockets produced a motive force of 40 lbs. thrust per rocket during a burning time of 40 seconds. Four booster rockets are employed to aid take-off. These are fitted externally in pairs, either side of the fuselage. They produce together a thrust of 5,600 lbs. for 1·6 seconds, and are then jettisoned by means of small black-powder charges.

Control is maintained from the ground by means of a "joystick." An adjacent transmitter relays the initial impulses as radio signals, which are translated into movements of the control surfaces in the missile through the medium of servo-motors. No control is exercised by the operator until the booster rockets have been jettisoned.



The FLYING MOTOR-CAR

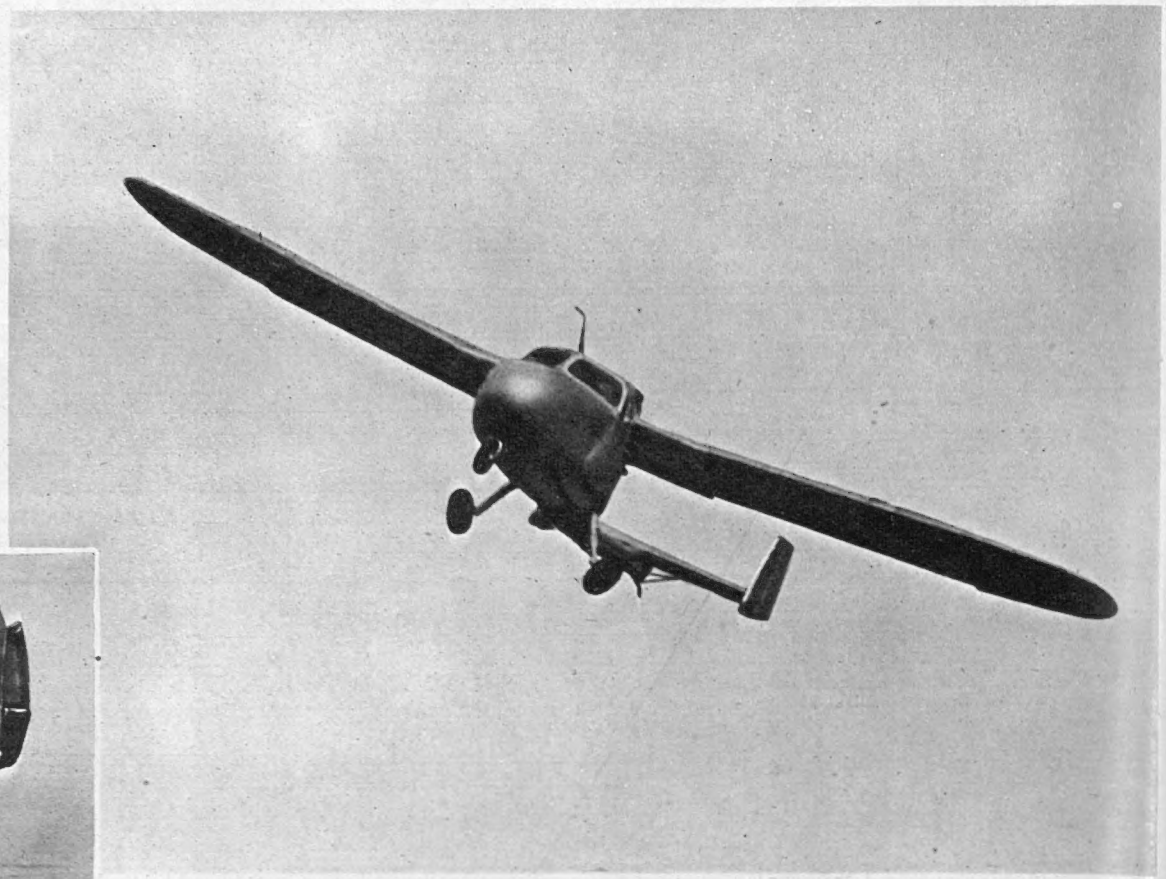
The "FLYING FLAPJACK"

And the Telescopic Helicopter

On right—

Both in Europe and America engineers are giving their attention to the production of a "flying car." Last year THE SPHERE published pictures of experiments in this direction by Mr. Robert Fulton, a descendant of the submarine pioneer. Mr. Fulton's plan was to have detachable wings and a detachable propeller, but the latest model, which comes from Milan, is propeller-driven both on land and in the air. The wings fold neatly back and the whole conversion from aircraft to car takes only a few minutes. It is hoped to produce this new model for about £1,500

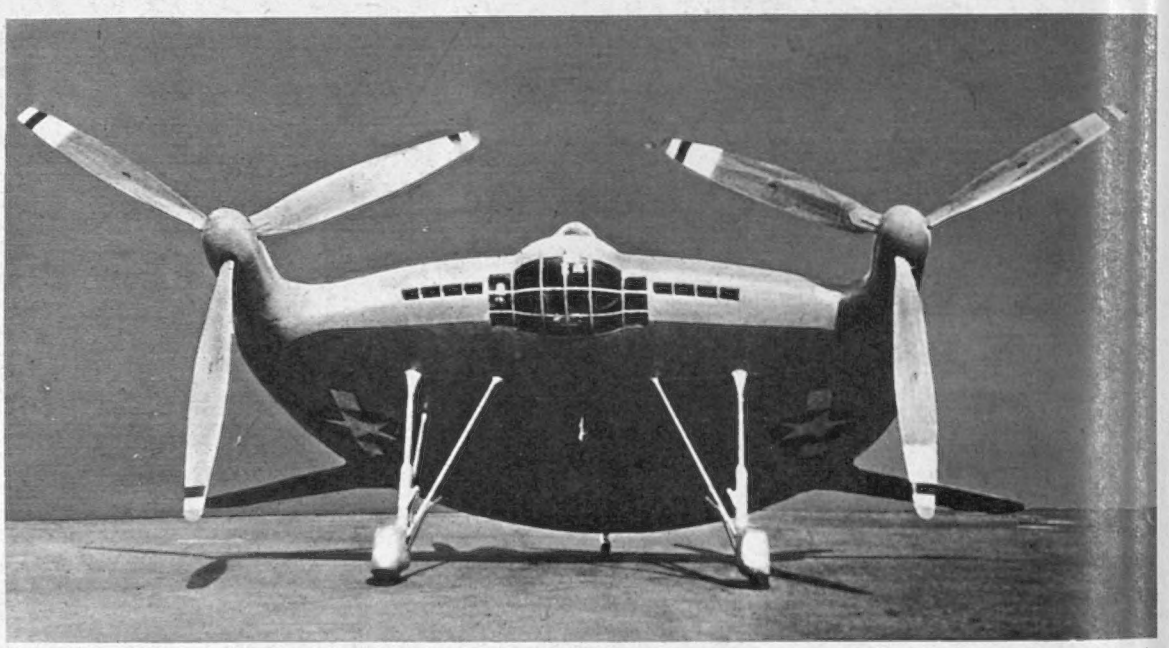
WITH WINGS FOLDED: The Italian "flying car" converted for action on the road



THE "FLIVVER" OF THE FUTURE—THE FLYING CAR IN FLIGHT: This invention is announced from Milan, where the machine has just passed air and ground tests. It carries two passengers, has an air speed of 80 m.p.h., and both on the ground and in flight is driven by a pusher-type propeller

On right—

The V.173, the U.S. Navy's all-wing machine, was introduced last year, and this unorthodox type was noted in THE SPHERE of July 13. The V.173, it appears, has now undergone extensive trials and has shown a marked versatility of performance. The machine has two large three-bladed propellers kept clear of the ground by high landing gear, and these are jointly driven by fuselage engines connected by an ingenious gear-and-shaft arrangement. Details of the test flights are at the moment being kept secret, so we have no idea if the V.173 has attained the 400 m.p.h. its designers so optimistically claimed for it. It is known, however, that it has revealed slow-fast flight characteristics, being able to hover and also to travel horizontally at speed. Theoretically a near vertical take-off is also possible, but this would probably require too much power to be commercially practicable. Conversely, the V.173's landing potential is on the same lines. In its near vertical descent the plane virtually stands on its propellers. All these characteristics will give this new design special importance as a naval fighter operating from carriers, but it is also probable that it will be commercialised as a luxury type sports plane



THEY CALL IT THE "FLYING FLAPJACK": This flying-wing type introduced by the United States Navy is known as the V.173. It has passed its trials, showing itself capable of near hovering and also of very high speeds. The port and starboard engines protrude beyond the wing in tubular nacelles

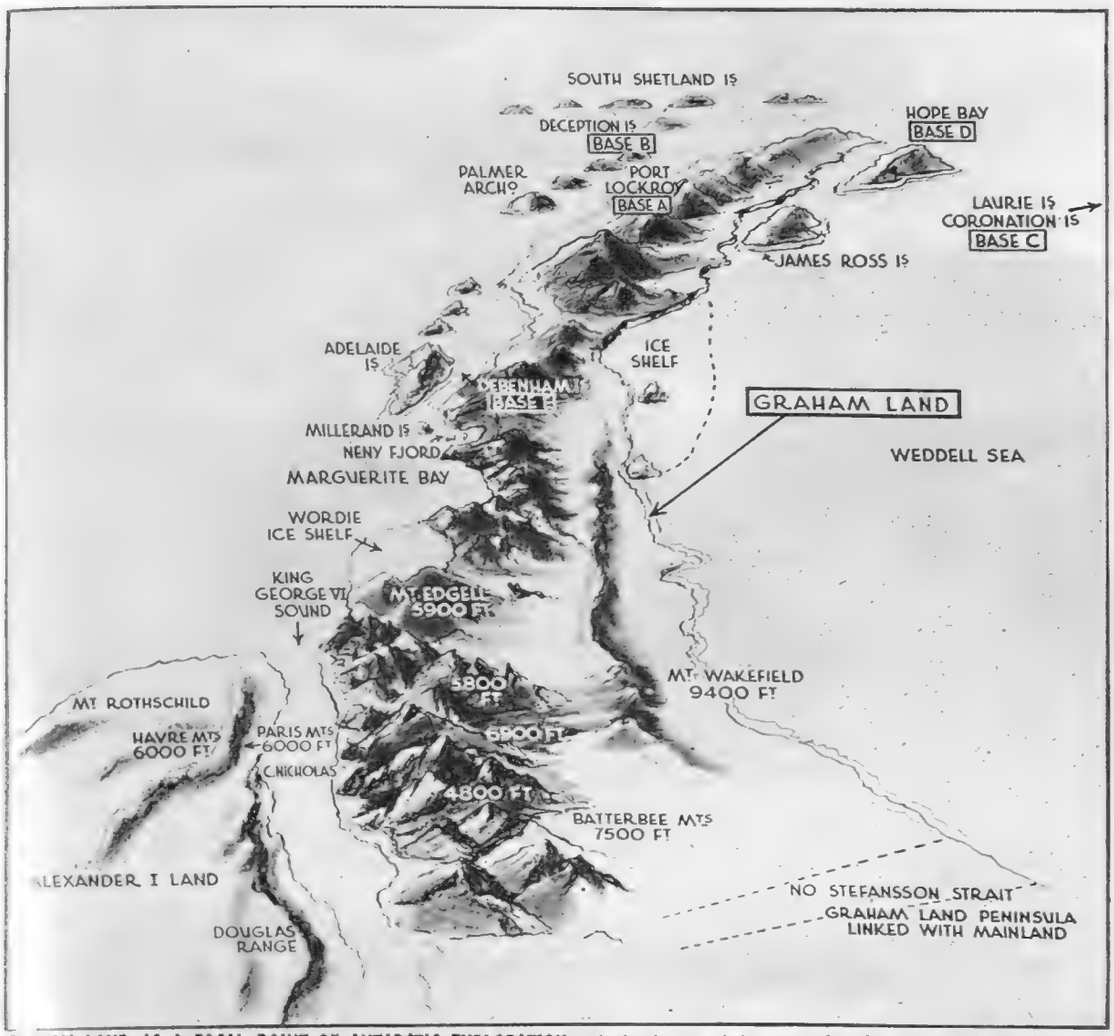
SIGNOR ISACCO PRESENTS THE TELESCOPIC BLADE: The inventor holding one of his patent airscrews which can be extended to the dimensions of a helicopter rotor

A POSSIBLE "LIFEBELT" OF THE AIR: Signor Isacco (left) demonstrating his invention at Boreham airfield, near Chelmsford. Full-scale tests of the blade are to be made with Halifax bombers, and he anticipates that the larger blades will be capable of supporting jettisonable aircraft cabins

Signor Isacco, who has been concerned with helicopter design since 1917 and was associated with the Pescara helicopter, has made what may prove to be a notable contribution to safety in aviation with his introduction of the telescopic airscrew. Signor Isacco foresees a number of applications for his rotor. He has designed large blades which would be fixed to the roof of a jettisonable cabin of an aircraft in which, it is claimed, up to six passengers could float gently to earth in the event of an emergency. He has also developed a rotating-wing parachute, in which the revolving blades replace the silken canopy of the orthodox parachute. The inventor also believes that the device can be used to reduce the landing speed of aircraft by half and to assist take-off. If this proves possible it will not only be a very welcome safety aid, but will permit even very large air-liners to operate from fields of restricted size. The claims have, however, yet to be substantiated by demonstrations in the air. Signor Isacco said last week that he was ready to proceed with flight tests as soon as the promised Halifax bombers were placed by the Air Ministry at the disposal of the makers of the blade, Bevan Brothers, of Rettendon. In the rotating-wing parachute the normal harness is surmounted by a platform fitting on the shoulders, on which the wing is fixed. The larger blade, designed to reduce the landing speed of the aircraft, is to be fitted on the roof of the fuselage. The jettisonable cabin of the aircraft would be released through the floor of the passenger compartment by pulling a specially designed emergency lever

ANTARCTICA'S "HELL HOLE"

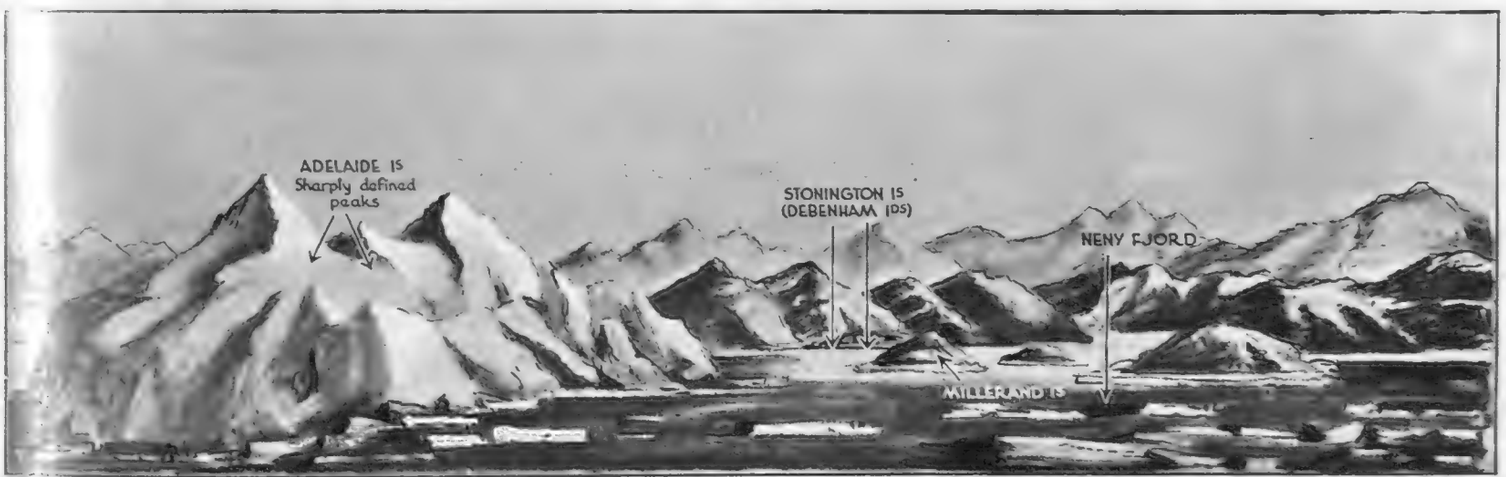
British and U.S. Expeditions on Overcrowded Stonington Island in Graham Land



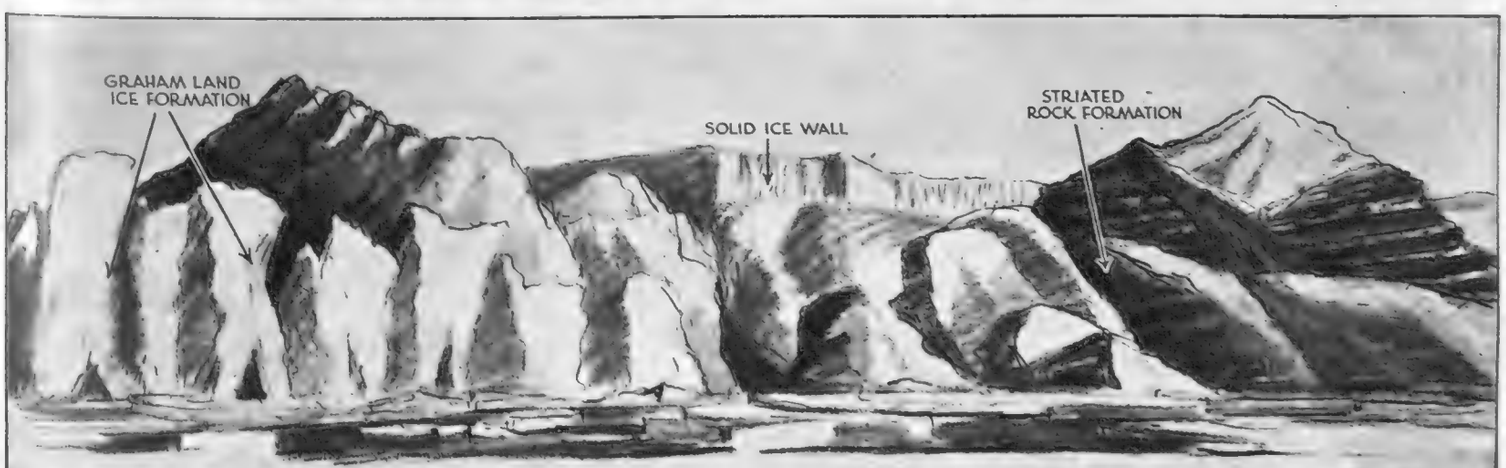
GRAHAM LAND AS A FOCAL POINT OF ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION: A sketch-map of the peninsula, the nearest point in Antarctica to the South American Continent, where British, American and Chilean expeditions have been at work during recent weeks. The British and Americans have been encamped on 2,000-yard-long Stonington Island (Base E.) in Marguerite Bay, and during their stay a dispute is said to have risen regarding the raising of the American flag by Commander Finn Ronne, a former second in command to Admiral Richard Byrd. It is now known that Graham Land is linked with the mainland of Antarctica, and that the Stefansson Strait, which at one time appeared on some maps, is a myth. Marguerite Bay has been described by Admiral Byrd as "Antarctica's Hell Hole"

While Admiral Byrd has been occupying the attention of the world with his dramatic discoveries in the vast hinterland beyond the Bay of Whales, and has brought back to civilisation news of ice-free oases in Knox Land and great ranges of mountains, hitherto only guessed at, three other expeditions have been active in Graham Land. These have been concentrating on the Marguerite Bay area, known sometimes as Antarctica's "hell hole" because of its dire weather conditions. The British party, under Major Bruce Butler, and the American party, under Commander Finn Ronne, have both camped on diminutive Stonington Island, and, by all accounts, relations between them were at one time distinctly strained. Commander Ronne, it appears, hoisted the American flag, giving the British the erroneous impression that he was annexing territory which is recognised as forming part of the Falkland Island Dependency. Although on a private expedition, Commander Ronne has been reporting progress to the U.S. State and Navy Departments. As a result, the whole question of the flag-raising entered the sphere of international politics, and for a brief moment trouble threatened. Stonington Island, where the two expeditions are based, is only 2,000 yards long, and the problem of living together in such cramped quarters has clearly been acute. The flag situation, however, has been happily settled, and the United States has made it plain that, while contemplating no territorial acquisitions itself, it does not recognise the Antarctic claims of any other nation.

The Chileans have also been active in these waters, and they have provided another cause of grievance. Landing from the frigate *Iquique*, it is alleged that they have taken stores left at Stonington by the United States Expedition of 1939-41, of which Commander Finn Ronne was a member. While it is an unwritten law that Antarctic expeditions are allowed to use each other's dumps when in need, it is not felt that the Chilean action was covered by this custom



THE WEST COAST OF GRAHAM LAND—A DIAGRAMMATIC SKETCH SHOWING THE POSITION OF STONINGTON ISLAND, WHERE BRITISH AND U.S. EXPEDITIONS HAVE BEEN ENCAMPED TOGETHER: In charge of the base at Stonington is Major Bruce Butler, and in the vicinity is Commander Finn Ronne, whose expedition, including twenty-two scientists, is of a private nature but would appear to have U.S. Government backing. Stonington forms part of the Falkland Island Dependency



TYPICAL FEATURES OF GRAHAM LAND: The masses of high eroded ice and striated rock provide a foreground for high mountain ranges—*Drawings by Percy Horne*

WHAT THE ROYAL AIR FORCE DID TO HELIGOLAND : An aerial view of the island showing the buildings on the higher ground devastated by British bombers. Last week this former German fortress, which Britain ceded to Germany in 1890 in exchange for certain rights on the East Coast of Africa, was the scene of wholesale demolitions by the Royal Navy. U-boat pens, battery emplacement forts and 14 miles of tunnel containing ammunition and explosives were all prepared for demolition by a Royal Naval remote-control firing ship standing nine miles out to sea

HELIGOLAND AS SEEN FROM THE SEA : A distant view of the higher part of the island, which has been a strongly held German fortress in two world wars

Below — PITTED WITH BOMB CRATERS : Another aerial view of Heligoland showing the work of the R.A.F. Hardly a square yard of the fortress is without its bomb craters, and those buildings which remain standing are roofless. Last week the Royal Naval demolition squads completed the work started by the Royal Air Force

BLOWING UP HELIGOLAND

Wholesale Demolitions at the Island Fortress of the North Sea

REMOVING THE MENACE OF HELIGOLAND—AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE LARGE-SCALE DEMOLITIONS IN PROGRESS ON THE ISLAND, THE FUSES HAVING BEEN TOUCHED OFF BY RADIO FROM A ROYAL NAVAL FIRING SHIP STANDING NINE MILES OUT TO SEA: The demolitions were carried out on April 18, and it was arranged that seismographs in London and Moscow should record the intensity of the explosion. Wired for demolition were 14 miles of tunnel used by the German High Command for the storage of ammunition. The stiffest problem was provided by the U-boat pens in the harbour area —*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

PREPARING FOR ZERO HOUR IN HELIGOLAND'S HARBOUR AREA: *On left* and *on right*—**Torpedo warheads and ammunition cases seen outside the tunnels prior to the demolitions. All explosives were stacked in the tunnels with their protective casings removed, and dynamite charges were installed in each section of tunnel. Altogether 6,700 tons of explosives have been involved in the demolitions**

In 1890, when Heligoland was ceded to Germany by Britain and became part of the Prussian province of Schleswig-Holstein, Imperial Germany received a fortress of vital potentialities and Britain lost a strategic point at the mouth of the Elbe. In the First World War Heligoland bristled with guns, and, under the Treaty of Versailles, Germany was compelled to dismantle the whole fortress. Under the Nazis Heligoland was of even greater importance, possessing massive U-boat pens, 14 miles of ammunition storage tunnels, and big artillery emplacements. Following the Second World War Britain has not left Heligoland's disarmament to the Germans, and last week's wholesale demolitions by a Royal Naval party were planned on a most elaborate scale calculated to leave nothing for a third world war. Heligoland consists of a plateau area, now much reduced, and a more or less artificial harbour area built up by German engineers. In A.D. 800 the island had a coastline of 120 miles, but in the course of centuries erosion has reduced it to rather less than three miles. From time to time artificial cliffs have been constructed, and the area of the island has been in part maintained by dredging the Elbe and depositing on Heligoland the material obtained. Before the First World War Heligoland had a population of 3,400, mainly of Friesian fisherfolk

A "SPHERE" SURVEY FROM THREE CONTINENTS

INAUGURATING A NEW PHASE IN THE CHEQUERED HISTORY OF MONARCHIST SPAIN: Signora Franco, wife of the Caudillo, General Franco, and Signorina Franco (left), daughter of the Caudillo, enthroned on a dais when watching Madrid's big parade on the eighth anniversary of the Republican defeat. This event coincided with General Franco's announcement that Spain had once again become a monarchy, and that for the time being he is the head of the State. The position is now very similar to that existing in Hungary between the wars, and Spain can be considered a monarchy with a vacant throne. Franco's position is an almost exact parallel with that of Horthy. Meanwhile, Don Juan, Count of Barcelona, the Pretender to the throne, has issued a statement denouncing Franco's decrees

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS IN 1947: The celebrated five, who were little heard of during the war years, are now thirteen years old, and here they are with their new sister-in-law, Jeanette Guindon, to whom they acted as bridesmaids. Jeanette, a schoolteacher, of Corbeil, Ontario, has married Ernest Dionne, a twenty-year-old elder brother of the quintuplets. For the occasion the five bridesmaids wore floor-length dresses in pastel shades with bodices of black velvet. They are all wealthy young girls, deriving a vast income from film and advertising sources, but under a law of Ontario, which was specially passed on their behalf, their interests are very fully protected

A VETERAN OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM IS ACCLAIMED IN VIENNA: Karl Seitz, who was temporarily President of the Austrian Republic after the First World War, in which capacity he ratified the peace treaty of St. Germain, acknowledging the cheers when he was welcomed to the International Women's Day Celebrations. The women carried banners through the streets calling on the Big Four to hasten their deliberations in Moscow and give Austria a new treaty and a chance to begin reconstruction. Karl Seitz was born in Vienna in 1869 and was a friend of Adler

A DRAMATIC LAST-MINUTE RESCUE IN ALASKA: One parachutist saves another as he hurtles towards the ground. This picture was taken on April 1 near Fairbanks, and shows Raymond G. Kenyon (centre figure), of the United States Army Air Force, grasping the shroud lines of the collapsed parachute of Corporal Charles A. Harris (lower figure). Kenyon's parachute brought the two men to earth safely. Harris's 'chute collapsed when a crosswind blew the two men close together 100 ft. above the ground. The paratroopers were making a routine jump. The parachute at the top of the picture belongs to another jumper

A PICTURESQUE WEDDING AT MAUTERNDORF IN THE HEART OF THE AUSTRIAN ALPS: The bridegroom, in his massive hat and with a long-stemmed pipe, escorting his bride from her home to the church accompanied by the best man and the bride's relatives

THE ALFRESCO WEDDING: Kneeling in the oaken pew the bride and bridegroom (right foreground) are seen at prayer with their relatives before the start of the marriage ceremony. All the people of Mauterndorf turned out for the occasion, donning the finery which they preserve for feast days and other special occasions such as this. These people of the Salzburg region have a great deal in common with their happy-go-lucky Bavarian neighbours

THE MEN (AND ONE WOMAN) OF BUCHENWALD FACING TRIAL: Thirty-one guards and officials of the concentration camp in the court at Dachau as the charges against them were read out by the prosecution. Among the defendants is Prince Josias zu Waldeck Pyrmont, a pioneer member of the Nazi Party and one of the first Germans of Royal blood to face a war crimes tribunal. One of the women guards can be seen in the centre of the group. The trial opened on the second anniversary of the liberation of Buchenwald

GENERAL DE GAULLE'S NEW SUPER-PARTY IS LAUNCHED IN PARIS: A notice, advertising the Rassemblement du Peuple Français, being placed above the offices of the Union Democratique. The three Paris offices of the new movement have attracted queues of would-be members, but the movement is not willing to accept all and sundry, and applicants have to assert on their honour that they have never belonged to collaborationist organisations

UNITED STATES CONGRESSMEN SPEND HALF A DAY IN PALESTINE: Mr. Coplic, Senator Hatch, Mr. Ben Gurion, the Jewish leader, Senator Barkley, Senator Brewster and Senator Fergusson seated round the table at the Eden Hotel, Jerusalem. The American visitors were on their way to Cairo to attend the International Parliamentary Conference, and their American transport having halted at Lydda, they called in at Jerusalem for a few hours. Senator Alben Barkley was Democratic Floor Leader under Roosevelt

THE AMERICANS BID FAREWELL TO WAR-TORN CHINA: The last contingent, consisting of officers, enlisted men and their dependants, gathered with their baggage in a tank landing-craft as they were ferried from the port of Tangku to the vessel "General Brewster," which waited for them in the harbour. All American truce teams have now been withdrawn from China, and this represents the last phase in the story of U.S. mediation in the civil war, which reached its peak at the time when General Marshall, the present U.S. Secretary of State, went out to Nanking in the capacity of special envoy to Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek and mediator with the communists. Almost from the outset he was faced with a hopeless task in achieving Chinese unity

The Royal Tour of South Africa

FROM THE TRANSVAAL TO VICTORIA FALLS

THE ROYAL FAMILY CALL ON MRS. JAN CHRISTIAAN SMUTS: The King and Queen and the Princesses with the wife of the South African Prime Minister during an informal visit to Irene, 15 miles from Pretoria. This was on the last day of the visit to the Transvaal, and the Royal Family afterwards flew northward for their nine-day stay in the Rhodesias, including a visit to Victoria Falls on the Zambesi

A VETERAN OF THE REEF: The King and Queen talking with seventy-six-year-old Mr. Charles M. Jansen, an invalid whom they met in the course of their visit to the Rand mining town of Benoni. Mr. Jansen, who is only kept alive by regular drug injections, was brought into Benoni by ambulance. He is a veteran of the South African War and the First World War

A BIRTHDAY GIFT FOR PRINCESS ELIZABETH: A deputation of six children, two white, two black and two coloured, presenting a diamond brooch to the Princess on behalf of 42,000 Rhodesian children. The ceremony took place at Government House, Salisbury, on the afternoon of the King's opening of Parliament. The diamond brooch contains 300 stones and is in the shape of a Flame Lily of the Veldt

IN THE HEAT OF A RHODESIAN AFTERNOON: The Queen and the Princesses at the "Indaba" on the racecourse at Salisbury, and at which medallions were presented to fifty native chiefs from Mashonaland, Namaqualand and Nyasaland

A RHODESIAN "INDABA"—VETERANS OF TWO WORLD WARS MEET THE KING ON SALISBURY RACECOURSE: His Majesty, wearing the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet, inspecting be-medalled warriors from Mashonaland, Namaqualand and Nyasaland. After the King had received a loyal address, he thanked the Chiefs and their tribes for their loyalty and their substantial contribution during the Second World War. Many of the veterans wore the 1939-45 star, signifying that they had served in an active theatre of war, and even those with no remnants left of their old uniforms contrived a soldierly bearing in the presence of His Majesty. The "Indaba" took place on the first day of the nine-day visit to the Rhodesias, and on the same day the King opened the Southern Rhodesian Parliament. On the third day in Salisbury there was a garden party, for which a general invitation had been issued to all comers. In the evening some hundreds of leading personalities were invited to a reception at Government House

THE ROYAL FAMILY AT THE VICTORIA FALLS—THE KING AND QUEEN AND THE PRINCESSES WATCHING THE WATERS OF THE ZAMBESI THUNDERING INTO THE MILE-WIDE CHASM, THE GRANDEST NATURAL SPECTACLE IN AFRICA: The breeze blew much of the spray away from the falls and the Royal party was able to see the great cauldron at the bottom of the gorge. The falls lie on the borders of Northern and Southern Rhodesia, not far from the city of Livingstone

THE ROYAL LAUNCH GLIDES ALONG THE PLACID WATERS OF THE ZAMBESI: Their Majesties greeted from the shore as they crossed from Southern to Northern Rhodesia. The picture was taken only a short distance above the falls, but the river appears almost as placid as the Thames at Runnymede in midsummer

From the vast populated areas of the Witwatersrand, where 1,000,000 people crowded into Johannesburg in one day to catch a glimpse of the Royal party, the King and Queen and the Princesses journeyed northwards by plane and train to Salisbury, capital of Southern Rhodesia, where they opened the new session of Parliament, and to Livingstone, in Northern Rhodesia, where they witnessed the greatest natural spectacle in all Africa, the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi. Here for a few days the Royal Family spent a brief holiday from exacting official functions, but they found time for a ceremonial visit to Livingstone, the former capital of Northern Rhodesia, and on the river trip on the Zambesi, in which they journeyed in a launch flying the Royal Standard, they were picturesquely escorted by the State barge of the Paramount Chief of the Barotse. Since then the Royal tourists have entered upon the last arduous stage of their tour, and, after the birthday celebrations in Cape Town last week-end, they were due to sail for England on Thursday, April 24, in the battleship *Vanguard*

ON THE RHODESIAN RIVER FRONTIER—THE CROSSING OF THE ZAMBESI: The Royal party stepping ashore in Northern Rhodesia for the visit to Livingstone. With due ceremony they were escorted across the river by the State barge of the Paramount Chief Inwika of the Barotse rowed by forty tribesmen

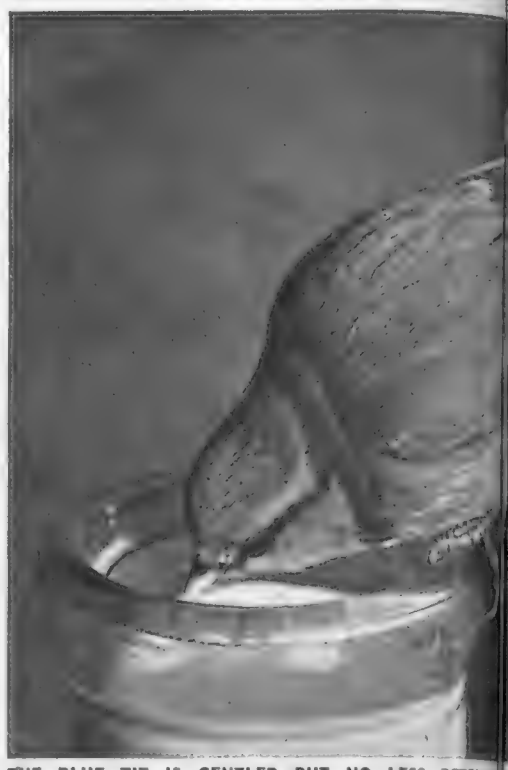
ON SOMEBODY'S FRONT DOORSTEP—A GREAT TIT PAYS A VISIT TO THE MILK BAR: He will wrench off the cap, whether metal or paper, and drink the creamy top to a depth of 1½ ins. Many bird-watchers, from widely separated counties in Britain, have reported seeing both great tits and blue tits drinking milk, and the habit appears to be growing, according to Mr. V. L. Breeze, who took the remarkable series of pictures on these pages Mr. Breeze's comments, and those of Sir William Beach Thomas, appear below

THE GREAT TIT PECKS AWAY AT THE CARDBOARD CAP: He is a ruthless individual and sometimes in his frenzied efforts the bottle crashes to the pavement

In a recent letter to the *Sunday Observer*, Mr. V. L. Breeze, of Nestor, Kingston, near Lewes, drew attention to the fact that "in the Lewes district it is easy to observe both great tits and blue tits drinking milk." On these pages we reproduce some of Mr. Breeze's remarkable photographs, showing the ingenious way in which the birds go about their task. "At first they do this through a hole pecked in the cardboard bottle top," declares Mr. Breeze, "but when the level of the milk has fallen so that they can no longer reach it they again attack the cardboard until it comes off the bottle, thus once more giving access to the milk. It is probable that the cardboard discs which seal the containers are impregnated with paraffin wax, which would have no food value, whereas the fats contained in the milk are very suitable for the replenishment of the bird's store of fat"

The BIRDS are TAMPERING

A New and Astonishing Phase of B



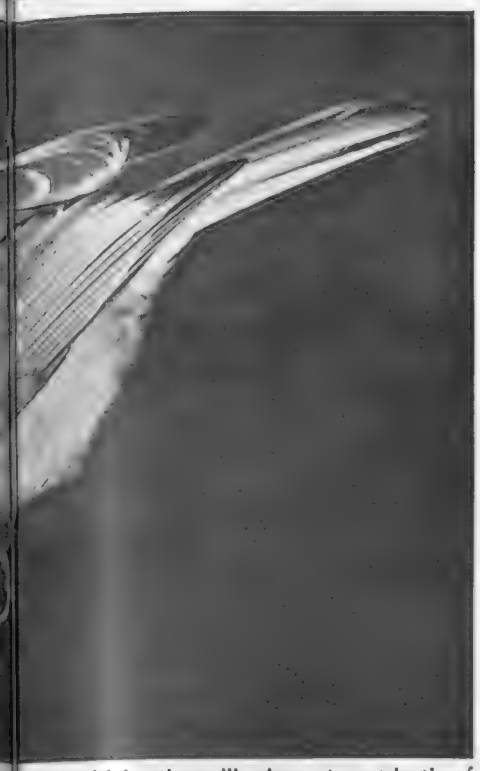
THE BLUE TIT IS GENTLER BUT NO LESS DETERMIN 1½ ins. He is drinking from a bottle after a gre

A TOUGH ASSIGNMENT: The little blue tit, carryi on the cardboard cover. He will have a fine ti Dec then drink deep in the bo If

Commenting on Mr. Breeze's photographs and on evidence of the current activities of the tits, William Beach Thomas, the distinguished natur writes: "Whatever the original source of inspiration, now established—from Wigtownshire to Dorset, Pembroke to Norfolk—that great tits, if no other wrench off the caps of milk bottles whether metal or p and thereafter drink the cream to a depth up to one a half inches. At one house the lids were first carried particular perch, cleaned up and dropped, so that a pile was formed; but as soon as the covers were exha the tits returned to the bottles and drank deep. Blue

with the MILK BOTTLES

d Life Evidenced by the Camera



D: He drinks the milk down to a depth of tit has prized it open and skimmed the cream

THEY SQUABBLE OVER THE MILK AND THE BIG BULLY WILL WIN: A great tit (left) and a blue tit (right), the latter distinguished by a facial band, battling on the edge of a milk bottle. The blue tit is bound to get the worst of the argument, and he will probably have to be content with his rival's leavings

n the work of the stronger great tit, finally dislodges pecking the cream from the base of the cover and will f time and the householder allow

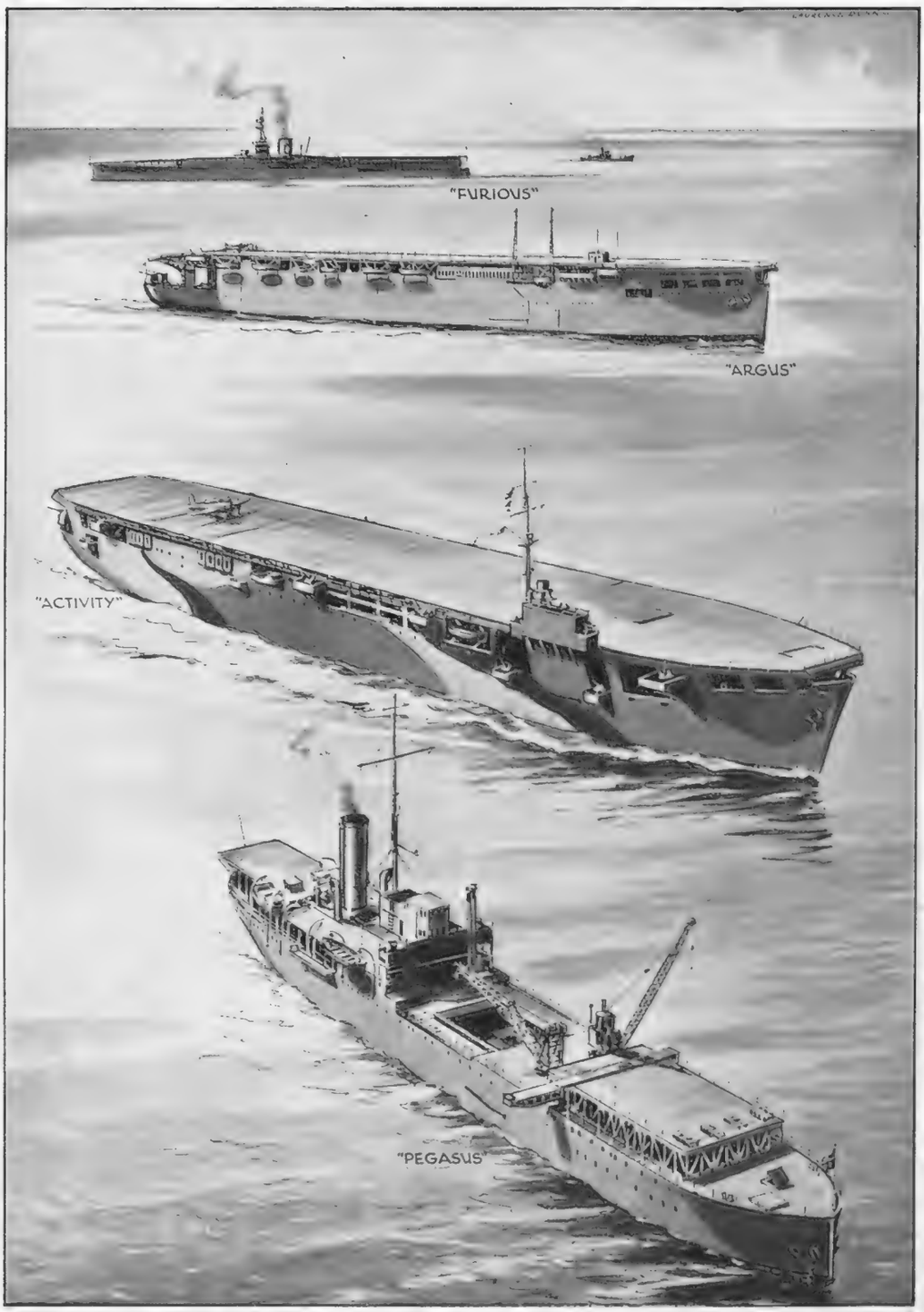
as a rule but not always, wait for the great tits, with their more powerful beaks, to do the hard work, and may thereafter be so greedy that they cannot get out of the eel-trap. One at any rate was found drowned. Here and there blackbirds also have followed, with disastrous results, for they are clumsy enough to knock the bottles over. Just now and then robins, in spite of their thin beaks, have been seen to attack the covers. The spread of knowledge about milk bottles, which is a more or less new phenomenon, has been very rapid within the last twelve months or so in the north and the south; and I would infer that the cleverest tits are found in Northumberland!"

THE LAST ¼-IN.: The blue tit drinking his fill from a milk bottle from which at least 1¾ ins. have already been drained. This is a rather critical moment, and the bird is liable to be trapped in the neck of the bottle

THE RISE OF BRITAIN'S CARRIER FLEET

From the Mixed Types of the Early Days to the Modern Spearheads of Battle: Also Other Naval Developments of the Moment

To-day the future of the battleship hangs in the balance. Ever since the battles in the Pacific, when the carrier demonstrated so markedly its aggressive role, naval men have tended to talk of the carrier as the spearhead of the Fleet. There seems, both in Britain and America, to be a firm opinion now that the battleship must in future be regarded as the defender of the carrier and her brood, helping the spearhead of the fleet into and out of action, and generally acting in a complementary capacity. At the moment building of new battleships is held up pending official pronouncements on the future of capital ships, and it is significant that H.M.S. *Vanguard*, Britain's newest and mightiest battleship, is designed largely for an anti-aircraft role. Meanwhile, Britain's carrier fleet is for the first time in its short but spectacular history assuming an appearance of homogeneity, and on these pages Laurence Dunn traces its development since the close of the First World War, and shows the four main types now in service.



FOUR WIDELY DIFFERING TYPES OF AIRCRAFT-CARRIER WHICH HAVE BEEN SUPERSEDED BY MORE MODERN VESSELS: The veteran *Furious* as she appeared in 1919, with her original superstructure still in its central position. Next to her is the *Argus*, laid down in 1914 as an Italian passenger liner. She is now being scrapped. The large escort carrier in the centre of the drawing is the 11,800-ton diesel-driven *Activity*, which is now returning to the Blue Funnel Line. In the foreground is the thirty-three-year-old *Pegasus*, now reverting from being a catapult carrier to a cargo vessel.—*Drawing by Laurence Dunn*

THE "KAREL DOORMAN" TIES UP IN LONDON RIVER: The former British naval vessel "Nairana," which has been acquired as an aircraft-carrier by the Royal Netherlands Navy, moored in the Thames off Greenwich during her recent courtesy call. While in British waters "Karel Doorman's" crew of 500 were the guests of the Admiralty

The four main types, all built during or after the Second World War, are: (1) the 23,000-ton fleet carriers represented by *Illustrious*, *Victorious*, *Formidable*, *Implacable*, *Indefatigable*, *Indomitable*. These are 760 ft. long and have a speed of 31 to 32 knots. (2) The five light fleet carriers *Glory*, *Ocean*, *Theseus*, *Venerable* and *Vengeance*. These are of 14,000 tons, 694 ft. in length and have a speed of 25 knots. Their capacity is approximately forty planes. (*Colossus*, of this type, was loaned to France and two others are now in the Canadian

THE OLDEST WARSHIPS AFLOAT IN BRITISH WATERS HAVE AGAIN BEEN REPRIEVED: The *Implacable* (*left*) and the *Foudroyant* (*right*) seen at their moorings at Portsmouth, where they have just completed their last spell of naval service. They will not be broken up, as it was feared, but will resume their role as holiday training ships

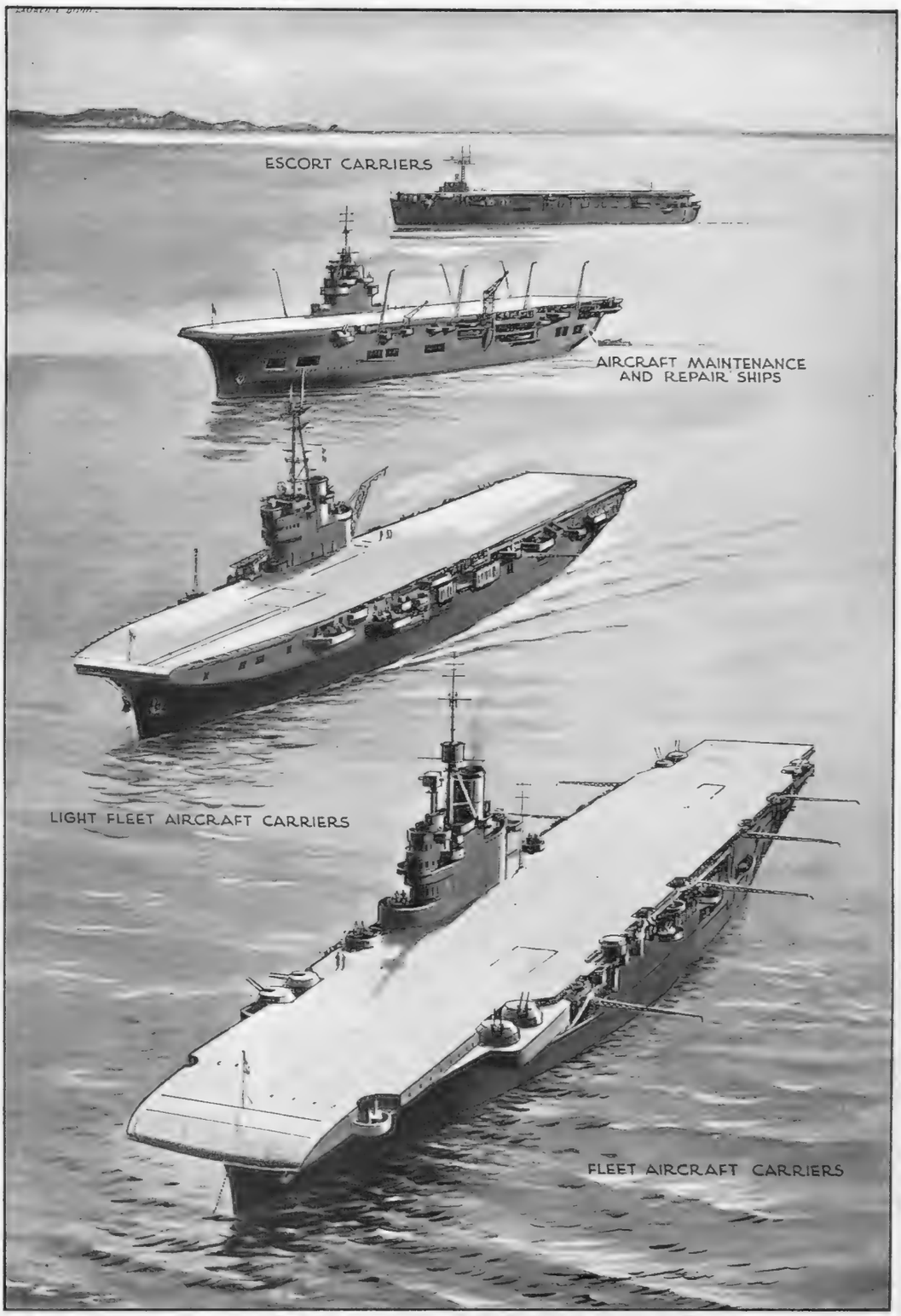
"IMPLACABLE" AND "FOUDROYANT" ARE MOORED TOGETHER: The announcement that they will once again be used as holiday ships for providing boys with nautical experience has caused general satisfaction. The *Implacable*, which was built 170 years ago and known as the *Duguay Trouin*, sailed against Nelson at Trafalgar and was subsequently taken as a prize near Cadiz, when Sir Richard Strachan captured some of the vessels escaping after the battle. *Implacable*, after for many years forming part of the Boys' Training Establishment at Plymouth, was nearly broken up in 1908, but she was saved at the intervention of Edward VII. Given adequate resources for maintenance, the two old ships should have many more years of service before them. Chairman of the *Implacable* Committee is Admiral Sir Percy Noble, late Commander-in-Chief, Western Approaches

Navy). (3) Three ships devoted to aircraft maintenance and repair, *Perseus* and *Pioneer* and the slightly shorter *Unicorn*, all of approximately 14,000 tons. (4) Two escort carriers, *Campania* and *Vindex*. Both are British-built and are of 12,000 and 13,000 tons respectively. They were originally laid down as fast cargo liners.

Of the older carriers, which form the subject of the drawing on the left, the *Argus*, laid down in 1914 as the Italian passenger liner *Conte Rosso*, recently arrived at Inverkeithing to be scrapped. Completed in 1918, she had a displacement of 14,000 tons, and with her clear flight deck she was a great advance on the various earlier conversions. For a while, before the war, she was adapted to carry "Queen Bee" aircraft. The 6,900-ton *Pegasus*, which until 1935 was known as *Ark Royal*, is now being converted into a cargo ship, the role for which she was originally designed thirty-three years ago. Small, even when compared with an escort carrier, she has proved a most useful ship. After fleet work in World War I she has been chiefly used for experimental work.

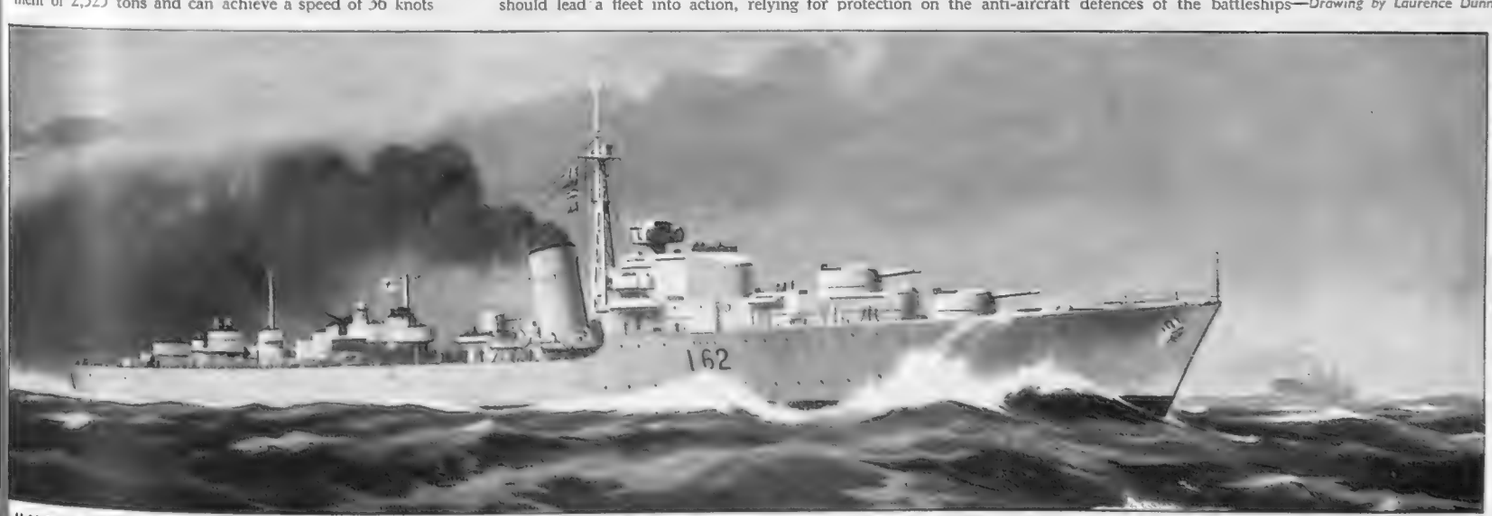
The veteran *Furious* is no longer in commission, having been placed in reserve. She will doubtless be scrapped in the near future. Sole survivor of a trio of very large cruisers, she underwent many changes in appearance before she finally appeared with a completely clear flight deck. She is portrayed as she was in 1919, after her first reconstruction, with her original superstructure still in its central position. With a length of 786 ft. and tonnage of 22,450, her dimensions are comparable with those of the new fleet carriers, though her capacity is very inferior.

Modern by contrast is the 11,800-ton diesel-driven escort carrier *Activity*. As the *Telemachus*, she was on order for the Blue Funnel Line when the recent war commenced. As a carrier her capacity was fifteen aircraft, a modest brood compared with that of the great carriers. She was bought back by her original owners last year, and has yet to make her maiden voyage as a cargo liner.



THE FOUR TYPES OF AIRCRAFT-CARRIER WHICH GO TO MAKE UP OUR MODERN CARRIER FLEET: Examples of the escort carrier, the aircraft maintenance and repair ship, the light fleet aircraft-carrier and the fleet aircraft-carrier. The fleet carriers of 23,000 tons form the spearhead of the British Navy, as it is now acknowledged on both sides of the Atlantic that vessels of this type should lead a fleet into action, relying for protection on the anti-aircraft defences of the battleships—*Drawing by Laurence Dunn*

Below—The new destroyer *Jutland*, just commissioned at Glasgow, is the latest addition to the Battle class designed with a view to operations in the Pacific theatre of war. A number of these vessels were cancelled before completion, owing to the Japanese surrender, and these included the original *Jutland* under construction by Hawthorn Leslie's. The new *Jutland* was first laid down as the *Malplaquet*, but goes to sea with this more appropriate naval name. Others in this class are the *Matapan*, the *Talavera* and the *Armada*. They have a displacement of 2,325 tons and can achieve a speed of 36 knots



H.M.S. "JUTLAND"—BRITAIN'S NEW BATTLE-CLASS DESTROYER HAS RUN HER TRIALS AND BEEN COMMISSIONED AT GLASGOW: An artist's impression of the warship travelling at speed. At the commissioning ceremony a plaque of the late Admiral of the Fleet Lord Jellicoe was unveiled. The plaque was the gift to the ship of the Dowager Lady Jellicoe. A sister ship of the "Jutland," just completed at Greenock, has been sold to the Norwegian Government—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

The Westminster Wedding of Lord Halifax's Youngest Son—Hocktide at Hungerford—Woodcock Defeated—K.S.2 in the Trent

WEDDING BELLS AT WESTMINSTER—THE MARRIAGE OF THE YOUNGEST SON OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF HALIFAX : The Hon. Richard Wood and his bride, Miss Diana Kellett, only daughter of the late Colonel E. O. Kellett, M.P., leaving Westminster Abbey after their marriage. The bridegroom, who lost both legs in the Libyan campaign, won great popularity in America when, in 1944, he became assistant to his father, then British Ambassador in Washington. While in the U.S.A. he paid many visits to hospitals for limbless Servicemen. His bride was for a time a clerk in the Foreign Office.

LORD AND LADY HALIFAX WERE AT THEIR YOUNGEST SON'S ABBEY WEDDING : The Earl and Countess about to enter their car after attending the marriage of the Hon. Richard Wood and Miss Diana Kellett. Following the wedding a reception was held at Ashburnham House, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster

YOUTH GOES HAND IN HAND : The child bridesmaids and the pages leaving Westminster Abbey after the wedding of Lord Halifax's youngest son. The pages wore the picturesque eighteenth-century uniform of the 60th Rifles, the bridegroom's old regiment

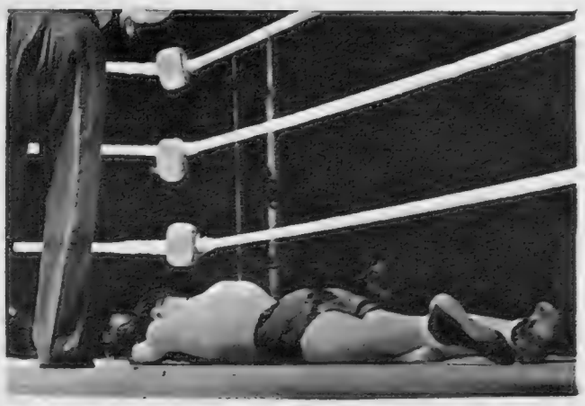
HOW THE BRITISH COLONIES MAY PLAY A WIDER PART IN WORLD AFFAIRS : Mr. Arthur Creech Jones, the Colonial Secretary, addressing the delegates to the Colonial Civil Aviation Conference held at Church House, Westminster. The deliberations, which were in private, were expected to last at least ten days. Topics on the agenda included general principles to be followed in deciding the allocation of ground services; the formation of a colonial civil aviation service; the organisation of colonial meteorological services; problems arising over the construction of airfields and ancillary equipment required on Imperial trunk routes, and the investigation of accidents. Welcoming the delegates, Mr. Creech Jones said that one of the means whereby the British Colonies could play their part in world affairs would be by speedier communications, and in this aviation was vital

SWORN IN AT THE HOUSE OF LORDS : Mr. Justice Pritchard (left), a new Judge of the King's Bench Division, Lord Justice Wrottesley, new Lord Justice of Appeal, and Mr. Justice Jenkins, another new judge, wearing their robes after the swearing-in ceremony. Sir Frederic Wrottesley, who became a Judge of the High Court in 1937, was called to the Bar in 1907 and was made a K.C. in 1926. His book, *Letters to a Young Barrister*, was published in 1930. Mr. Justice Pritchard is a former Judge of the Salford Hundred Court of Record. Mr. Justice Jenkins was called to the Bar in 1923

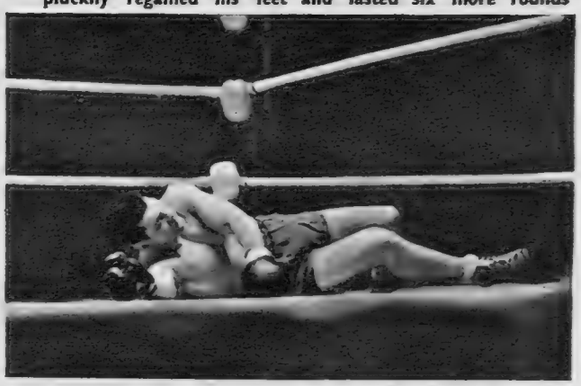
BIDEFORD'S MANOR COURT IN SESSION : This court is so old that no one in Bideford knows the date of its origin. A jury of twelve men are sworn in with their hands upon the Bible and afterwards they retire to an adjoining room to talk over the affairs of the town and elect officers for the ensuing twelve months. These officers consist of People's Warden, Tithing Man and Way Warden. While the jury is out the rest of the Court partakes of snuff, which is passed round in elegant snuff-boxes of the George II period. Bideford has many claims to fame and has an honoured niche in naval history. In earliest times it was a place of Viking sepulture, and it was the port from which Sir Richard Grenville sailed on his last voyage

JUST AN OLD BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—HUNGERFORD HOCKTIDE CEREMONIES RECALL THE GRANTING OF COMMON RIGHTS BY JOHN OF GAUNT TO NINETY-NINE FAMILIES OF HUNGERFORD : The part of the ceremony depicted here is known as "Shoeing the Colt." Superintendent A. L. Selwood, Deputy Chief Constable of the Berkshire Police, is having a nail driven into his shoe. When the victim of this ceremony shouts "Punch" it signifies his agreement to pay ten shillings for a round of Punch. Other features of the Hocktide ceremonial are the attentions of the Tutti men, who, armed with thick staves decorated with flowers and ribbons, collect kisses from the girls and pennies from the young men. In medieval times the Tutti men collected the tithes due to the Church, the men paying their tribute on Hock Monday and the women paying on Hock Tuesday. While the Tutti men were doing their rounds last week, loud blasts on an ancient horn and the ringing of the town crier's bell announced the assembly of the ancient Commoners' Court

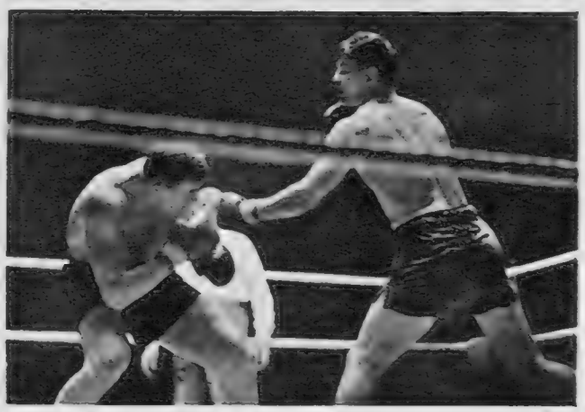
K.S.2 ARRIVES TO REPAIR THE BREACHES : The first of the three giant Dutch floating cranes which have been lent to Britain being towed into position at Morton, near Gainsborough, before starting to repair the Trent dyke damaged in the recent floods. The K.S.2 had just completed an uneventful but hazardous crossing of the North Sea from Amsterdam. She was towed by the ocean tug *Blankenberg*, which returned immediately to Holland for a second crane. In addition to the cranes, the Dutch Government has also loaned to Britain thirty-two 2½-ton pumps. These are supplementing the big Admiralty pumps



BRITISH BOXING REVERTS TO THE HORIZONTAL : Bruce Woodcock, the British and Empire Champion, down for a long count in the first round of his fight against Baksi. He pluckily regained his feet and lasted six more rounds



WHILE THE REFEREE COUNTED : Woodcock struggling to regain his feet after the second damaging blow in the first round, when he went down for counts of nine and eight



WOODCOCK ATTEMPTS TO FIGHT BACK : The British champion (right) leading his left at Baksi in the fourth round of the fight. Baksi, adopting a crouching position, has evaded the blow and is about to wade in with his own powerful punches to the heart and to Woodcock's eye

BAKSI'S HAND IS RAISED IN TOKEN OF VICTORY : The American fighter is acknowledged the winner after the referee had stopped the fight in the seventh round

Last week's fight at Harringay between Bruce Woodcock, the British and Empire Heavyweight Champion, and Joe Baksi, American contender for Louis's world title, was a minor tragedy for British boxing and for the 11,000 spectators who saw Woodcock battered, cut and hopelessly outclassed by a stronger, heavier and more experienced opponent. Only Woodcock's gameness, his refusal to quit in the face of odds, provided a redeeming feature in a contest that was very much a reminder of the horizontal '20's. Woodcock, whose jaw has been fractured, will now take a three-months rest, and it is possible that he will then embark on an American tour with a view to toughening up and gaining the wider experience he so badly needs. Baksi, meanwhile, with tempting offers dangling before him, has packed his bags for a holiday in Middle Europe

SEPARATED BY AT LEAST 700 YEARS: *Left*—The robed figure of a man with a bird on his wrist, a gem of the T'ang Dynasty (618-906 A.D.) and (*right*) a Fukien figure of "Bodhid-harma" standing on a reed, a product of the seventeenth or eighteenth century. Both pieces have been loaned from private collections to the Oriental Ceramic Society's Exhibition of Chinese Ceramic Figures, which was opened recently at 48, Davies Street, W.1

WHEN CHINA WROUGHT FOR THE EUROPEAN MARKET: These three exhibits have been lent to the Ceramic Society's Exhibition by the Hon. Mrs. Ionides. European figures, enamelled in colours, flank a lady in Chinese dress carrying a European umbrella

2,000 YEARS OF CHINESE CERAMIC FIGURES

The Oriental Ceramic Society's London Exhibition

THE SADDLED CAMEL: A fine T'ang Dynasty figure loaned to the Ceramic Society's Exhibition by Sir Alan Barlow.

A HORSE WITH RAISED FORELEG AND FLEXED NECK: Another notable example of Chinese modelling during China's wonderfully prolific T'ang Dynasty

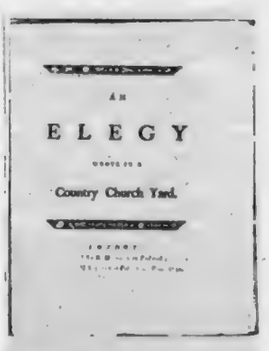
Twelve years ago Londoners flocked to the Chinese Art Exhibition at Burlington House, and a new generation was introduced to the gems wrought in bronze, jade and porcelain by the ancient craftsmen of the East. To-day appreciation of Chinese Art remains at a high level, and the present exhibition of "Two Thousand Years of Chinese Ceramic Figures," staged at 48, Davies Street, W.1, by the Oriental Ceramic Society, has brought together a limited but choice display of specimens lent by members of the Society from their private collections. Of outstanding interest are the exhibits of the T'ang period (618-906 A.D.). This surely represented the high-water mark in Chinese modelling. Mettlesome horses, with their sinewy legs, and camels, with viciously curling lips, proclaim the hand of the master and a marked superiority over the Ming and Ch'ing productions.

A LADY WITH HER THREE ATTENDANTS: Four figurines of the T'ang Dynasty. They are each 14 ins. in height and pigmented in black and red. (Lent by Sir Alan Barlow)

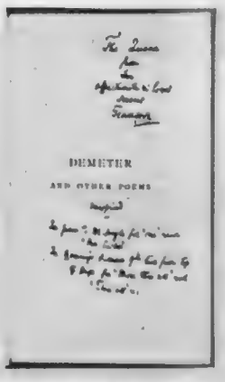
THE POETRY EXHIBITION

The National Book League Displays Some Rare Editions

On left—THE ENGRAVED TITLE-PAGE OF "THE WORKES OF BENIAMIN JONSON": This was the first collected edition of his works, and Jonson himself prepared it for the press. It is dated 1616 and at the head of the title-page is the seventeenth-century signature of "Robert Awbrey." It forms one of the outstanding exhibits at the Poetry Exhibition just opened at 7, Albemarle Street under the auspices of the National Book League



"AN ELEGY WROTE IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD": This is the title-page of the hastily published masterpiece which Gray had rushed through the press in order to forestall its unauthorised publication in the "Magazine of Magazines," Walpole allowing a copy of the MS. to fall into piratical hands



A TENNYSONIAN PRESENTATION FIRST EDITION: The title-page of Demeter and other poems bearing the words: "The Queen from her affectionate and loyal servant Tennyson." At the foot of the page the Laureate has written a note on the publisher's misprints. It has been lent by the King

The National Book League, which staged the Victorian Book Exhibition, has done another service to literature with its Poetry Exhibition which has been organised at 7, Albemarle Street by Mr. John Hayward. Seldom have so many rare editions appeared in such profusion, and (in addition to those illustrated above) the exhibition also includes the first edition of Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis* and Earl Fitzwilliam's superb copy of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, printed by Caxton in 1478.

THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY MOATED MANOR-HOUSE OF LOWER BROCKHAMPTON: This comparatively unspoiled example of medieval half-timber work passes into the possession of the nation as a result of the bequest to the National Trust of 2,000 acres of the Brockhampton Estate near Bromyard, Herefordshire. On the estate are two principal houses. The larger mansion, Brockhampton Park, is an early Georgian residence, which has been so much modernised that it hardly qualifies as a building of architectural importance. The smaller house, Lower Brockhampton, stands in a secluded position away from the main Worcester Road and has a rare detached gatehouse dating from the fifteenth century. The bequest was made by the late Colonel John Talbot Lutley, and it came into the possession of the Lutleys in 1730. The estate covers typical Herefordshire farmland

HEREFORD and LAKELAND ESTATES for the NATION

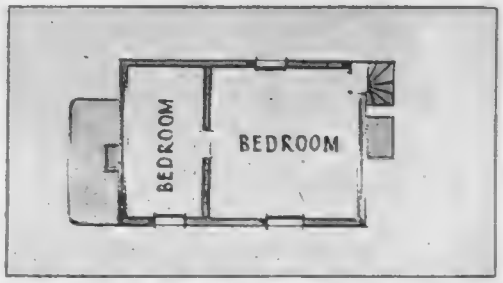
Two Ancient Properties Pass to the National Trust

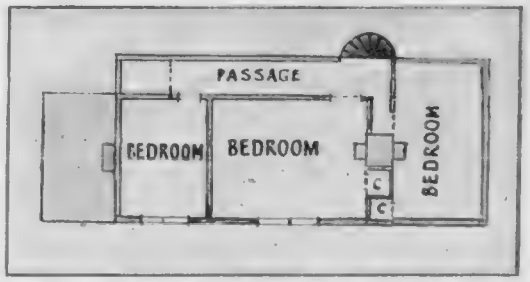
THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY GATEHOUSE AT LOWER BROCKHAMPTON: It lies about 1½ miles from the main Worcester Road and in a secluded situation amid the Herefordshire woods. One of the chimneys of the house can be seen in the background

ACCEPTED BY THE TREASURY AS PART-PAYMENT OF DEATH DUTIES: The picturesque sixteenth-century buildings comprising the Townend Farm at Troutbeck, in the Lake District. When formalities are completed by the Treasury it will pass to the National Trust

On left—Last year it was announced that a West Country property had passed into the national possession in part-payment of death duties. Now comes news that Townend, Troutbeck, one of Lakeland's most picturesque houses and farms, has been taken over under this same Government scheme, which will doubtless relieve many a hard-pressed estate. Townend belonged to the late Mr. O. W. E. Hedley, of Windermere. He was a considerable landowner and a noted philanthropist. The property, comprising a house, a farm and 800 acres of land, was the ancient home of the Browne family for over 400 years until the death of Miss Clara Browne in 1943. The property was bought by Mr. Hedley in 1944. It will now be administered by the National Trust

HOW A TYPICAL COUNTRY COTTAGE, THREATENED WITH DEMOLITION, MIGHT BE MODERNISED TO MEET PRESENT-DAY NEEDS AND TO HELP REDUCE THE HOUSING SHORTAGE: *Above on left*—A sketch of the cottage in its present state and (*below on left*) a diagram of the inadequate bedroom accommodation. The bedrooms adjoin, with no passage approach. Each has a sloping ceiling and a little "swept" dormer window so low that its sill is only one foot from the floor. *Above on right*—A sketch of the same cottage as it might be adapted by an architect. The roof has been extended to cover a little parlour with a bedroom above. All the windows have been enlarged and a washroom and bath have been added. *Below on right*—A diagram of the new bedroom floor plan showing the passage approach to the rooms. This particular cottage was given as an example by Mr. Basil Sutton, F.R.I.B.A., in the course of his recent lecture





The COTTAGES of ENGLAND

And How They Can be Adapted to Present-day Housing Needs

One of the most disturbing factors in present-day rural life is the steady drift from the country to the towns, the refusal of the younger generation of country people to remain on the land. The obvious answer to the problem is to make the country more attractive, and of recent years we have heard many schemes designed with this end in view. The provision of higher wages for farm workers, shorter hours, rural cinemas, better and bigger parish halls, and better bus services have all been discussed, and some of them have been implemented. Mr. Basil Sutton, a Wiltshire architect, has a particularly practical suggestion, but, strangely enough, it has not until now received the attention it merits.

Mr. Sutton, who was recently in London, where he addressed a meeting of the Town and Country Planning Association, believes that the country can be made attractive for young people by the reconditioning and enlarging of cottage homes. In view of the housing shortage, Mr. Sutton stresses that this is work that is essentially in the national interest.

In rural England we possess a veritable gold-mine of old houses, many built in the fifteenth century, and, having survived all destructive agencies, they still stand robust and good, if somewhat battered and forlorn. Their charm and potential usefulness rests, says Mr. Sutton, on a grand old building tradition dating back to the time when bricks were burnt in wood-fired kilns and the stone was quarried locally and the timber hewn locally. On this page two of Mr. Sutton's plans are illustrated, the first one being a sample of a simple cottage modernisation and the other involving the amalgamation and modernisation of three cottages.

THE OLD COTTAGE NOW LETS IN LIGHT AND AIR: A reconditioned living-room in which a larger window has been installed and the floor-level lowered to provide head-room. There are thousands of cottages in the Home Counties which could be improved in this way if it were not for legal obstacles

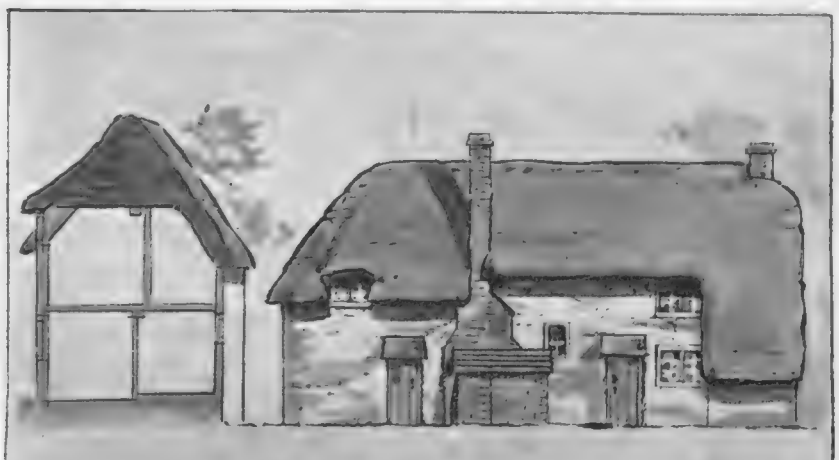
The plans are markedly practical, providing loftier living-rooms, bigger windows, bedrooms with approach passages instead of intercommunicating doors, which destroy all privacy, and separate washrooms where the laundry can be done instead of in the living-room.

The cost of these conversions is not unduly expensive, but Mr. Sutton has found an overriding snag. Let us quote his own words to describe what happens.

"The plans are submitted to the local authority for approval, together with an application for a building licence; but are rejected on the grounds that, years ago, a 'Demolition Order' was served on the owner of this cottage. (Here let me remind you of the process of enforcing the law as now existing. When a domestic building is judged by the local M.O.H. or Sanitary Inspector to be insanitary, a notice of 'Time and Place' is served on the owner, giving him time to rectify the fault, or opportunity to appeal; in default of which a 'Closing Order' is served on the premises, followed, in very many cases, by a 'Demolition Order,' and this order, once served, *cannot be rescinded.*

"In vain the architect pleads that in another similar case the local authority sanctioned the plans for reconditioning and granted a licence, subject to the owner taking the risk that the original Demolition Order might be enforced at some future date by some other body.

"In view of what has been and can be done to fit so many old cottages for a decent and comfortable standard of living, without destroying their character and homeliness, it seems to me extraordinary and deplorable that their fate should hang in this way on the letter of the law."



THREE COTTAGES AT RUSHALL, WILTS., AND HOW THEY MIGHT BE AMALGAMATED AND MODERNISED. *Left*—The three dwellings as they appear to-day and (*right*) in their modified and improved form. New dormer windows have been built in to the thatching, a new parlour has been added, and the whole property has an air of dignity and spaciousness. The plan was produced by Mr. Basil Sutton, who has made the reconditioning of cottages his special problem

TYPICAL COTTAGE HOMES in VARYING STATES of REPAIR: Some Examples from the Home Counties and the West

THE CHARM OF THATCH, HALF-TIMBERING AND WHITEWASHED WALLS: *Left*—A cottage at Furneux Pelham, Hertfordshire, and (*right*) cottages at Ickwell, Bedfordshire. All three are typically in the English tradition, but while their warmth in winter and coolness in summer appeals to the older generation of country folk, the demand to-day is for more modern cottages with larger windows and considerably more head-room. Hence Mr. Basil Sutton's modernisation plans

THE ART OF THE SUSSEX THATCHER: An old cottage with ivy clinging to the flint and red-brick walls. The neat thatched roofing provides quite remarkable warmth in winter

A BIT OF REAL OLD DEVON: A thatched cottage nestling among the hills at Branscombe. The corrugated iron roofing in the background rather tends to mar the picturesque nature of the scene

A COTTAGE THAT MIGHT DEFY EVEN THE MOST SKILLED RECONDITIONER: This dilapidated example comes from Aldbourne, Wiltshire. Heavy subsidences have led to the partial collapse of the walls, and the two windows on the right have sadly lost their shape

AN OLD-WORLD COTTAGE AT ASHWELL, HERTS: Heavy thatch descends to within 4 ft. of the roadway. The whitewashed walls and the black skirting give the whole place an air of ordered cleanliness

WHEN INTRATOR WAS IN MONTE CARLO

And Other Aspects of Post-War Life On the Riviera

By CHARLES GRAVES

IT takes at least a fortnight in Monte Carlo to get the Principality in proper focus. At the moment the sole topic of conversation is about "Black Max" Intrator and his connection with the illegal Jewish immigration ships via English cheques cashed in the South of France. It appears that there are two brothers. One is completely paralysed from the waist down; the other, Max, is round and dumpy. He was last seen here about six months ago. He stayed at the Hotel Metropole, where he had a large suite. Every week he went over to the night-clubs at Juan les Pins, but never gave ostentatious parties. He was, in fact, a typical character out of Phillips Oppenheim, very mysterious, and always insisting upon doing his own correspondence personally. His excuse for borrowing the hotel secretary's typewriter, instead of utilising her services, was that all his letters had to be written in Arabic. This was obviously a poor excuse, because the typewriter was an ordinary English model and Arabic has its own special script. During the day he went to the rubber beach, where he was always in and out of the water.

Nobody actually saw him accepting cheques from English visitors at Monte Carlo, and my investigations suggest that once having hooked his victim he insisted upon the transactions being done in Paris. On one occasion "Black Max" was asked by an inquisitive resident about his business. "What are you?" she asked. "I am in shipping," he replied with a smooth smile. Incidentally, he always claimed to be an Egyptian.

So much for the present nine-days wonder. What is of much more permanent interest is the future of Monte Carlo as a resort for British and other foreign visitors. Delightfully enough, there is little or no sign of any change from 1939. The food is completely pre-war; you have to look deliberately around to find any trace of bomb damage, although, in fact, twenty-two inhabitants were killed by bombs. Not that the half-dozen raids in which the bombs were dropped stopped the gamblers in the Casino from continuing to play. Most of them were, as usual, working their systems, and even the prospect of sudden death did not deter them. On the contrary, they insisted on the croupiers carrying on so that their systems would not be thrown out of gear by a sudden cessation of play.

The financial set-up of the Casino is interesting. In 1934 its capital was 60,000,000 francs. This was raised to 80,000,000 francs, then to 100,000,000, and now it has been increased to no less than 500,000,000. All told, there are 1,000,000 shares of 500 francs each divided between 45,000 shareholders, mostly French. In the fiscal year of 1939-40 the Casino registered a loss for the first time in its eighty-year history—5·8 million francs. Then business began to pick up again. The 1940-41 exercise yielded a profit of 6·1 million francs and the following year 28·2 million. Then the Germans came in, following their occupation of Southern France, and things started to happen in a big way. Each of the business years 1942-43 and 1943-44 returned profits of 106,000,000 francs.

The presence of hundreds of German officers on leave in the Principality was partly responsible for this. They gambled very heavily with the debased French francs. They were also very superstitious. Whereby hangs a tale. SPHERE readers may remember that exotic character, La Bohémienne, the resident soothsayer at the Hotel de Paris, Hotel Hermitage and the Sporting Club. Dressed in a green turban, white blouse, green scarf and Bohemian peasant dress, she used to tell fortunes by astrology and palmistry all day and all night. During the war she was continually being asked to give consultations to German officers. At first they asked about the likelihood of Hitler invading England. Later they became almost pathetically interested in whether they would be sent back to Russia, whence they had come on leave. At first La Bohémienne told them exactly what she thought—that Hitler would never invade England and that the Germans would lose the war. Complaints were then made by two German officers, and she was about to be put in a concentration camp when Graf von Kaegeneck, the chief of the Gestapo in Monte Carlo, pardoned her on condition that she made no more political prophecies. The reason for his clemency was that when he had first come to Monte Carlo on leave, La Bohémienne had told him that he would be returning minus a leg within the year to fill a high appointment, which duly occurred. Baulked of her ability to spread political alarm and despondency among her German clientèle, La Bohémienne concentrated on foretelling peculiarly unpleasant personal experiences to her clients. "It was my little revenge," she explained to me, "and when the wives of the German officers consulted me about their husbands' fidelity I always upset them, explaining that all men are butterflies. That was another little revenge." To jump forward, the questions that La Bohémienne is now asked to unravel have little or nothing to do with the sort of thing that she was asked before the war. In those days her advice was sought chiefly on the subject of love, money and business. American visitors consulted her particularly on the handwriting of prospective or existing employees, to see whether she thought that they were straight, intelligent, and so on.

To-day she is being asked by the French whether France will be involved in the next war; whether England will back France up; whether it will be merely a duel between Russia and the United States; whether Communism will be successful in France. The English continually ask her whether the Labour Government will fall, and if so, when this will happen. (As a matter of interest, La Bohémienne predicts that Mr. Attlee's Government will fall before the end of next year.) The Greeks ask La Bohémienne whether the new King Paul will be assassinated or succeed in breaking the rebels. The Americans' sole interest seems to be the question of war being declared by Stalin.

To revert to Monte Carlo's future, it is made much more bright by the fact that the only tax imposed by the Government on the luxury hotels and luxury businesses is one of 6 per cent. For everyone else it is only 1 per cent. This is in contrast to France, where the luxury hotels have had to pay as much as 60 per cent. luxury tax, though this has now been reduced to a 24-per-cent. tax on food and drink and 10 per cent. on hotel bedrooms and suites. It is quite probable, of course, that in future Monte Carlo will have to depend a great deal more on its summer season than on its winter season. So many people nowadays like to go to Switzerland for the winter sports. To offset this, there have been established two or three ski-ing resorts less than three hours from the Principality. In addition, the Monte Carlo Rally is going to be revived. But the rules will have to be modified considerably, because several of the more remote starting-points, like Athens, Bucharest and the capital of Finland, will be still inaccessible. What is planned tentatively, therefore, is to get all the competitors from various nations down to Monte Carlo and then send them off on a 2,000-mile circuit which will include such cities as Geneva, Berne, Luxembourg, Brussels, Paris, and so on, with the finishing-point in Monte Carlo itself.

It is not yet certain whether the Round-the-Houses Race will be revived next year, but every effort is being made to do this. What is of especial interest is the building of the brand-new theatre inside the International Sporting Club, where it is planned to give a complete season of nothing but operettas. How far this will conflict with the regular opera season remains to be seen.

The Casino is still open for eighteen hours a day, from 10 a.m. to 4 a.m., but no longer do you see crowds of people waiting for the doors to open and then making straight for the table where zero, perhaps, had not appeared at all the previous day. The reason for this is that the famous green calendar which showed what numbers had turned up the previous day has so far failed to make a reappearance after the war. You can, however, still buy systems in the shops.

Nor have there been any suicides caused by gaming losses since 1939. I asked a senior police agent about this phenomenon. He said: "Before the war we used to have at least two a year, when gamblers who had lost their all killed themselves. To-day, if a gambler loses everything he either goes into the Black Market or he goes off to Marseilles or Paris and holds someone up at the point of a revolver."

Out of curiosity, I secured permission to visit Monaco's prison, a very modern affair with each of its twenty cells furnished with a bed, mattress, bookshelf, wash-stand, table and chair. Each cell is at least three times the normal size of the English cell. There were five prisoners, two of them on remand. The other three were doing a few days for comparatively insignificant misdemeanours such as stealing bicycles.

The Customs officials have a busier time in preventing the smuggling of contraband, particularly silks and tobacco, by boats round the coast from Italy. At least the mines which are still undetonated on the hilly frontier between France and Italy save them any trouble in investigating smugglers taking the inland route.

In conclusion, it is quite clear that what Monte Carlo wants is a tourist franc on the lines of the internal mark and internal lira before the war. Strong representations have been made to the French Government, asking that this should be done. It is the only certain way of preventing English visitors from cashing unauthorised cheques.

"MAX LE NOIR" AND FRIEND: Police portraits of Max Intrator (*left*) and his alleged accomplice Bitter (*right*). They have both been confined to the Santé gaol in Paris on charges of being active operators and leaders in the currency racket, which has its roots in France and Italy and finds an outlet in distant Cairo. Max Intrator is believed to have received sixty currency customers a day in his bedroom, cashing their cheques at slightly above the official rate

GOLFING WITHOUT TEARS: Mr. Harry Bentley, the English champion and Walker Cup player, practising drives on the Monte Carlo tee, popularised by Henry Cotton, where the balls are driven into the sea and salvaged later by a caddie-boatman

GOLFING CELEBRITIES: Lieut.-Colonel R. A. K. Sangster, Hon. Sec. of the Monte Carlo Golf Club, seen with Henry Cotton, who has been providing valuable coaching for visitors

A CANNES OCCASION: Lieut. Philip Mountbatten, former Prince Philip, dancing with Madame Francopoulos at a party celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of Sunny Bank Hospital

OPERA IN A BOWLER HAT

New Scenery and Costumes for "Rosenkavalier"

The Noel Coward Revival at the Haymarket

TONIO IN A MOTLEY BOWLER AND NEDDA IN MODERN EVENING DRESS—REDVERS LLEWELLYN AND MARGERY SHIRES IN THE CONTEMPORARY PRODUCTION OF "PAGLIACCI" AT SADLER'S WELLS: John Moody's production of *Pagliacci* is set in modern Italy and is dressed appropriately. Redvers Llewellyn gave a notable performance as Tonio, and Marjorie Shires and Frank Sale, as the leading lights of the little touring company, acted and sang very well. Miss Shires was playing her first important role, having recently risen from the ranks of the chorus. The orchestra was conducted by Michael Mudie and the decor effectively devised by Reginald Woolley, with contemporary costumes, ranging from check caps to bowler hats

REDVERS LLEWELLYN AS TONIO: His grotesque make-up is all the more effective by its contrast with the modern dress of the remainder of the company

NOEL COWARD'S REVIVAL AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE: A scene from "Present Laughter," with the author, producer and star and his new South African leading lady, Moira Lister. The brilliantly witty trifle revives well after only four years. Mr. Coward is as prolific as ever and expects to finish a new serious play later in the year. Since first producing *Present Laughter*, he has written his *Middle East Diary*, written and produced two more films (*This Happy Breed* and *Brief Encounter*) with remarkable success; written and composed two musical shows, *Sigh No More* and *Pacific* 1860, and is completing a new book of short stories

CHARLIE CHAPLIN WITH HIS WIFE: In a New York restaurant for the première of his latest film, "Monsieur Verdoux." Chaplin's attempt at serious drama, in the role of a "Bluebeard" murderer, is not wholly successful, and many would prefer the more familiar and light-hearted "Charlie" of earlier days. His latest wife, Oona, is the daughter of Eugene O'Neill, the famous Irish-American playwright

THE PRINCESS, ACT I **OCTAVIAN, ACT I** **THE PRINCESS, ACT III** **THE BOUDOIR OF PRINCESS VON WERDENBERG, ACT I**

Example of Robin Ironside's costumes and scenery for the new production of "Rosenkavalier" at Covent Garden

The attractive costumes and setting, pictured above, were designed by Robin Ironside for the present production of Richard Strauss's *Rosenkavalier* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Ironside was, until recently, an assistant to William Rothenstein at the Tate Gallery. This is his first attempt at stage decor, and the result has been highly successful. The period is that of Marie Theresa. In the boudoir scene, the main colouring of the walls and carpets is green on white; the bed, white and gold. Produced by Joan Cross, *Rosenkavalier* brings a famous American singer to London opera—Doris Doree, who plays the leading role of the Princess von Werdenberg.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

Mr. DRUCKER and the MANAGERIAL REVOLUTION

A Thought-Provoking Book which Attempts to Avoid the Political Approach

MR. PETER DRUCKER will be remembered as the author of *The End of Economic Man*. Published before the war, it was the challenge of an organised industry working under a democratic system of free enterprise to the then Nazi menace, and it set forth certain economic arguments which postulated the eventual destruction of historical ideologies in the struggle with the powerful forces which were forcibly grouped together.

In BIG BUSINESS (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) Mr. Drucker projects his theories on to the post-war scene. It is a book commissioned by the General Motors Corporation of America, and while it attempts to rationalise economic problems with special reference to the industrial concern under review, the main burden of the argument rests on what he describes as the dynamic essence of modern industrial society. It seems not to matter whether such a society is either State-controlled or commanded by a group of individuals under the banner of private enterprise. "Traditional economics," he says, "knew three factors which must be combined to obtain production: labour, raw materials and capital equipment. But the simplest industrial operation requires a fourth one—managerial organisation. This fourth factor has become the most important one in modern mass productibn and the only one for which there are no substitutes."

Here, then, we have the managerial revolution from another angle, and this time examined from the point of view of the administrative problems of a great modern manufacturing company. The author raises points which are worthy of consideration by anybody who is interested in the economic chaos of the post-war world. What he does not do, and possibly could not do in the compass of a non-political document, is to pursue his argument on the political plane where East and West meet in uneasy conflict to-day.

Miss Ira Bell Thompson is the daughter of coloured American parents, and her "Autobiography of a Negro," AMERICAN DAUGHTER (Gollancz. 9s. 6d.), has the strong impact of freshness, sardonic humour and a lack of bitterness so complete that it is subtler than any indictment. Her book is a delight from its opening paragraph to its last and, incidentally, that opening paragraph is too good to miss.

"'My Lord, it's a girl!'" writes Miss Thompson crisply. "Pop stumbled blindly out into the kitchen, slumped down into a chair, and again said, 'Oh, my Lord!' Now, my Lord had heretofore been very good to my father, for he had three sons: Tom, Dick and Harry. There had been another girl a long time before, a girl with fair skin and blonde hair. My father and mother said she 'took back.' Our white neighbours were taken aback, too. They didn't blame the iceman exactly, but they strongly suspected there was something more in the Thompson woodpile besides a Negro—and there was.

"In father's mulatto veins flowed also the blood of a Dutchman, a Frenchman and a couple of Indians. Pop had to claim two Indians to make up for the Cherokee chief who was my mother's grandfather and to cover up that touch of Chinese he couldn't account for."

When any book—biography or fiction, fable or fact—starts off with a bang like that, the reader is apt to be on to a very good thing, and this book proves it. There is not a tedious or a thoughtless word in it, and in its own way, it is a very real story of adventure.

LETTY FOX: HER LUCK (Peter Davies. 15s.) is one of those novels that are overwritten in every sense of the word, as if the author had been frightened by a blue pencil very early in life. Miss Christina Stead's story is more than 500 closely-printed pages long; it is often sordidly detailed and it contains ample passages of superficial psychology. In other words, it is almost bound to have its wide public. But anyone who completes this latter-day *Moll Flanders* will have to be a stayer.

DEATH, WHERE IS THY VICTORY? (Cassell. 10s. 6d.) is not, perhaps, the ideal title for a novel, even for one written with extreme sensitivity, but that is, nevertheless, the title that M. Daniel-Rops has chosen for a book that has been sympathetically translated by Miss Viola Garvin.

It is the story of a woman's soul, told in a way that is subjective and hypersensitive; often moving, often infuriating, but never really dull. Why this should be, I leave it to you to decide. Perhaps, after this unthinkable winter, we are all in need of bright and violent colours, and perhaps, by the same token, we can enjoy a little oversimplification.

Somewhere I have read that with the present production and paper difficulties in the publishing trade, a young writer has little or no chance of recognition in these days. I doubt whether this is entirely true, and in any case Mr. Anthony Quayle is a notable exception. His first novel, *Eight Hours from England*, received high praise from the discerning, but now he has followed it up with ON SUCH A NIGHT (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.).

It is a short book, but not too short to be packed with the essence of true adventure, and to sustain the excitement on every page. Mr. Anthony Quayle is already distinguished for his work in the post-war theatre, and with this book he has planted himself firmly on the ladder to equal fame in the literary world.

Miss Ngaio Marsh writes good books, but not the type with which one is popularly supposed to curl up. There is nothing curly at all, or even faintly relaxing, about these murder mysteries, which are always immensely effective, and generally quite horrifying in the appropriate passages. FINAL CURTAIN (Crime Club. 8s. 6d.) is no exception to this satisfactory rule, and kept me awake in a singularly cold and creaking room until a very late hour indeed the other night.

As before with this writer, the plot is quite simple once one is given the right keys. I suppose the same might be said of an attempt on the Crown Jewels. But in the writing of detective fiction, it is equally significant, because it takes an extremely able and *rusé* author to avoid elaboration in the cause of mystification, and to hold to a clear story line which still holds the reader in suspense until the one or two vital factors have been disclosed.

The new book is all about a fabulous family brought up in the theatrical tradition to a degree where even the children manage their exits and entrances with dramatic skill. The head of the family is also the Grand Old Man of the English stage, and it is when he is having his portrait painted in the role of unlucky Macbeth, for his seventieth birthday, that he is murdered. His death is not the last, or the most grisly, of the crimes, and there is a nicely-handled exhumation scene. Miss Marsh gives her public full value, both for their money and for their understandable devotion.

FROM THE MEDIEVAL ILLUMINATOR TO THE MODERN IMPRESSIONIST: Four illustrations from "The Art of the French Book," which is reviewed on this page. *Top left*—A wood-cut in the style of Verard, representing Pyramus and Thisbe. It is from a book published in Paris in 1498. *Top right*—The title-page from Corneille's "Rodogune." It was printed at the private press of Madame Pompadour. Twenty copies only were issued. *Below on left*—The title-page of an 1838 edition of Balzac. *Below on right*—An etching by Pablo Picasso for Buffon's Natural History

FRENCH BOOKS THROUGH THE AGES

It is the Illustrator Who Has Always Been the Dominant Partner

The Nazis never gave themselves away more thoroughly than when they started their spate of book-burning in 1933. It was then, not 1939, that the lamps of culture began to go out all over Europe. To-day, as a result of that wanton sabotage, and the indiscriminate bombing of the war years, Europe is bereft of books. In England most of the great classics are out of print, atlases and school books are hard to obtain, and fine art books trickle from the press as and when slender paper supplies are available and hard-pressed printers, lacking machinery, are able to take on the work.

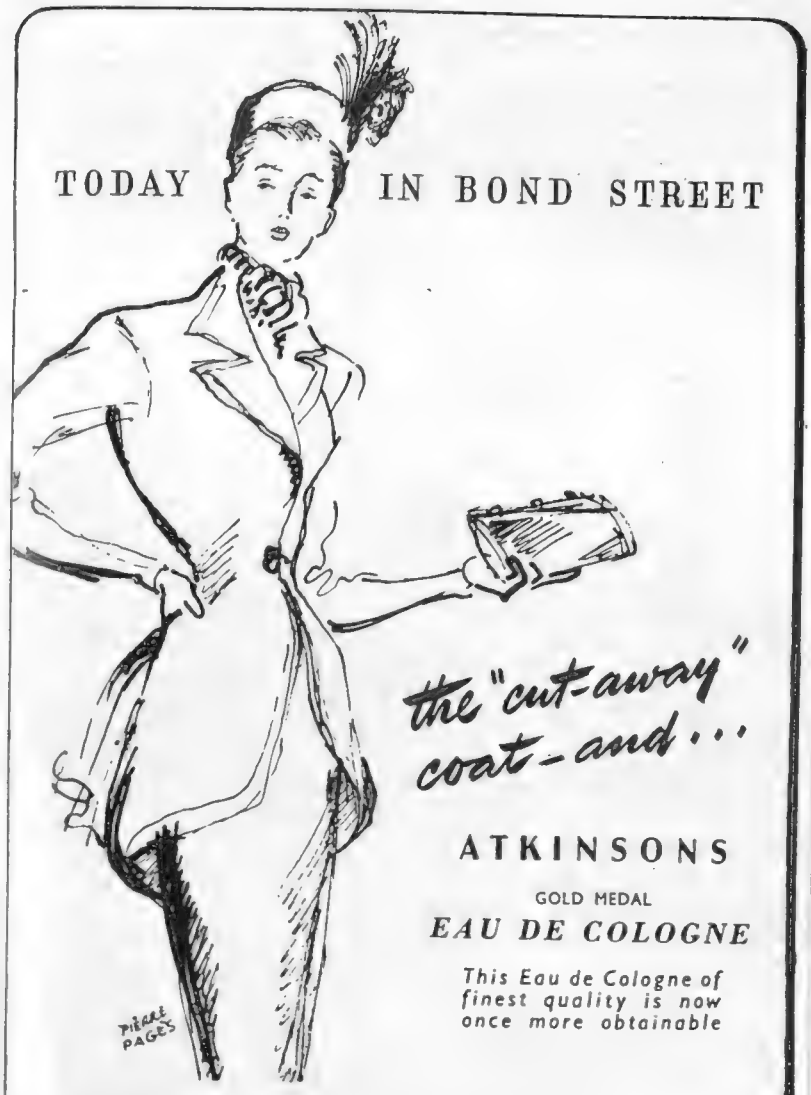
Just occasionally, however, a work appears to give us hope for the future, and, in this connection, Paul Elek are to be congratulated on their latest publication. THE ART OF THE FRENCH BOOK (Royal 4to, £2 10s.) is, despite its unsatisfactory binding, a fine example of book production, with typography and illustrations admirably blent, and it is at the same time a brilliant survey of twelve centuries of book production in France. The book is edited by Andre Lejard, and is based on the world-famous collection in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. Some of the reproductions from medieval illuminations are really magnificent, and they tend to show that in France, from the earliest times, it has always been the illustrator who has been the dominant factor in the team of partners represented by author, illustrator, printer, typographer and binder. This emphasis on visual quality was most marked perhaps at the end of the nineteenth century, when French art survived some of the debasing influences at work in Victorian England and post civil-war America. Those interested in typography will be particularly impressed by some of the reproductions of early title-pages, notably those of the great Fournier Le Jeune. The Didot typographic founts, so much employed in the seventeenth century, also have a classic beauty of line.

Spring has brought the gardener into his own again. The seed packets are in the shops, hardware stores are displaying brightly painted forks and trowels, and the gardening feature in the newspapers contains elaborate instructions on what to do and when to do it. Two new books on the subject are GARDENER'S CHANCE (Putnam. 12s. 6d.), by Roy Hay, and BRITISH HERBS AND VEGETABLES (Collins. 5s.), by George M. Taylor in the popular "Britain in Pictures" Series. Mr. Hay writes very much on behalf of the backyard gardener and the window-box enthusiast, and he makes a plea that, in the planning of the new Britain, the planners will not forget the tens of thousands of little men who want a home with a plot of their own, however small, and would be utterly miserable in flats, however spacious. He pays a tribute to the gardeners of Bethnal Green during the war, for the enthusiasm they put into the cultivation of the blitzed sites. *British Herbs and Vegetables* is a more academic book, but it is a valuable addition to every gardener's library. The black-and-white illustrations are first-rate.

THE DOG-OWNER'S TREASURY (Jordan and Sons. 3s. 6d.) has been compiled by C. Rowland Johns. It is an alphabetical guide on how to keep dogs fit and happy, and most of all how to feed them properly. This little book is very good value and can be highly recommended.

Another new addition to the "Britain in Pictures" Series is BRITISH GOLF (Collins. 5s.), by Bernard Darwin. Mr. Darwin writes more particularly of golfers rather than of the game, introducing many an anecdote of the giants of the past in tracing the history of the sport. The great John Taylor, captain of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, is the subject of an impressive colour illustration.

THE FRIENDLY FARM (Hollis and Carter. 7s. 6d.), by R. W. How. This is a story of farm life for the children. It centres round a gipsy boy's secret love for a stray colt, and it has everything a good children's book should have, including a happy ending.



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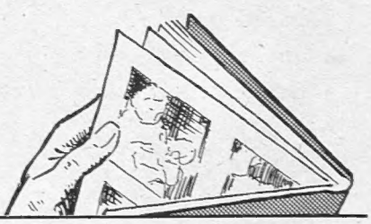

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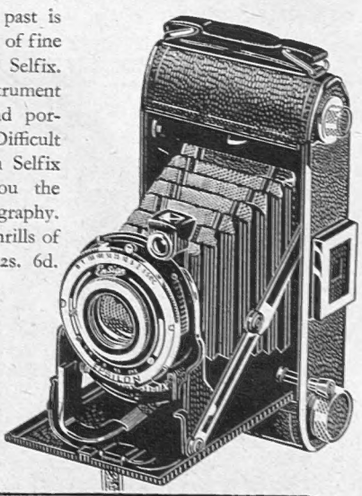

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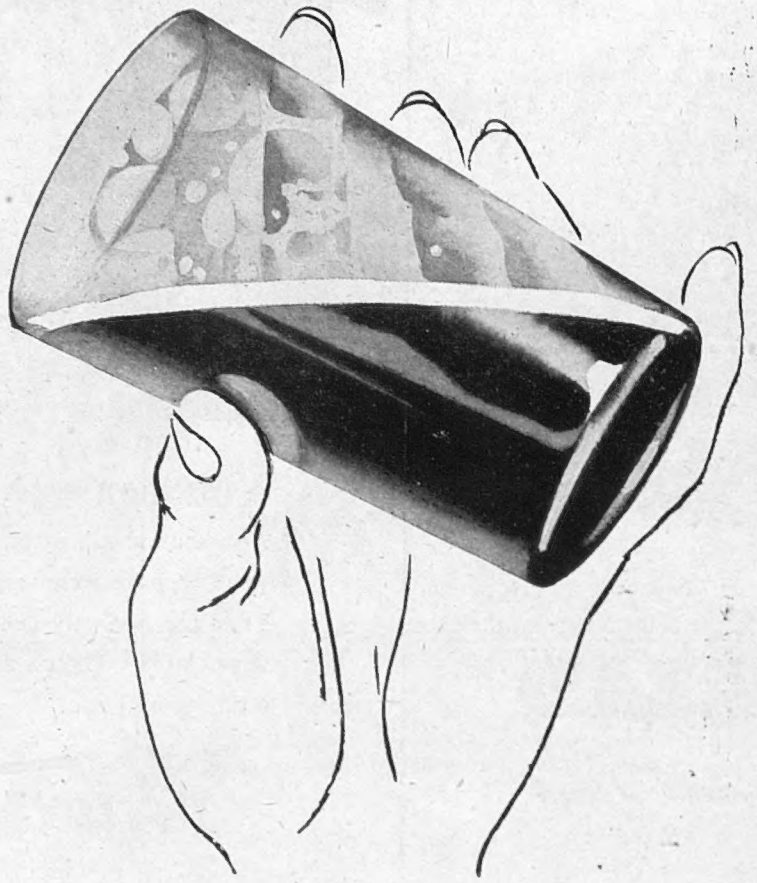

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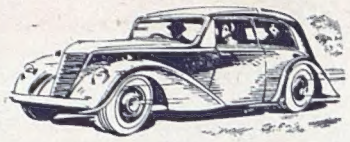

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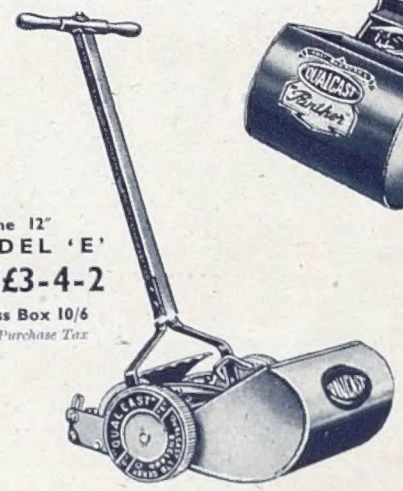

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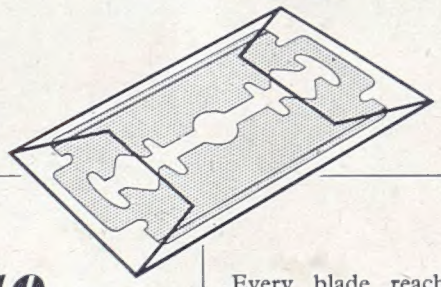

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